The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1902.

The Week.

It is President Schurman who is now guilty of inflaming the Filipino mind by his recent insistence that the only honorable course for this country is to give independence to the islanders. Hitherto it has been Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Hoar, or the Boston Anti-Imperialists, or the independent newspapers who did such deadly work by standing up for the rights of the Filipinos. But now Mr. Schurman, President of the first Philippine Commission, and versed in Philippine affairs, is really undoing all the splendid service of the troops and inciting the natives to fresh resistance by his doctrine, enunciated last week in Boston, that, if we went to war for any other than an altruistic purpose, we laid ourselves open to the charge of manslaughter. Gen. Wheaton, the acting commander in the islands, is reported to have said that in the Philippines men have been sent to prison for such remarks as those of President Schurman. The latter does well to retort:

> "If that be true, it is the saddest and most discouraging truth that has come to us for a long time from the Philippines. Without freedom of speech, civil government will never win the support of the Filipinos."

The question cannot be settled even temporarily by choking and smothering. Experience has abundantly shown that no government has ever yet been wise enough to pick the doctrine, or set of doctrines, that can safely be suppressed. Attempted suppression will only make opposition the fiercer. If this counsel for independence "be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

The New York *Sun* considers President Schurman to have misinterpreted the language employed in President Roosevelt's message, which, it says, was *not* "a declaration in favor of scuttle at any future time, a prediction of the lowering of the American flag by and by, or of the abandonment of the sovereignty acquired by the treaty of Paris." We agree that the President's language might have been more explicit, yet we cannot see that Mr. Schurman enlarged its meaning or put an unwarranted construction upon it. What is the "great burden" that we are to be relieved of when the natives show the power of governing themselves? It must be the burden of governing the islands. The President could not have had in his mind the burden of killing the inhabitants, burning their villages, destroying their food, and subjecting to torture those who refuse to give up their guns. That is indeed a great and sorrowful burden, but it is not the one the President had in mind. Is there any other meaning to be put upon his words? The only alternative is to suppose that he meant to express the hope that the time would come when we might stand in the same relation to the Philippines in which Great Britain stands in reference to Canada. But if he had meant that, he would have said so. Canada adheres to Great Britain not by compulsion, but by choice. If the Filipinos were attached to us in that way, nobody would speak of them as a burden, to be relieved of as soon as possible.

Announcement was made on Friday that the treaty by which Denmark cedes her West India islands to the United States had been signed at last. As the *Tribune's* dispatch puts it: "This consummation of protracted negotiations, which will put the United States in possession of the strategic key of the Caribbean, and relieve Denmark of a steady drain on her resources, came unexpectedly after the hope had almost been abandoned." But it appears from the same dispatch that several steps are to be taken before the "consummation" is fully consummated. There are still wanting, on this side of the water, ratification by the Senate, and an appropriation of $4,500,000 by the House; on the other side, ratification by the Danish Rigsdag; and, midway, the assent of a majority of the people of the islands, by popular vote. Whether all the people are to vote, or only the whites, is not stated. This is a matter of some importance, since they are mostly blacks and mulattoes. Thirty-five years ago the saddling of these islands upon the United States was as nearly consummated as it is now, but the Senate declined at that time to "relieve Denmark of a steady drain on her resources" by assuming the burden ourselves. Shortly after the Seward-Rassloff treaty was rejected, the island of St. Thomas was so terribly shaken by an earthquake that the harbor was practically abandoned as a commercial entrepôt, and the shipping which formerly centred there took refuge at Barbados.

It is a serious question which the Senate now has to pass upon. Shall we acquire another group of islands, to be either neglected or treated in the same way that we treat the inhabitants of the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba? The latter is, to all intents and purposes, one of our possessions, and may therefore serve as a kind of beacon-light to show us what we should avoid. The leading question of our national policy to-day is whether we shall allow Cuban sugar to be imported at lower rates of duty than those of the Dingley tariff. The whole question is agitated by that question. Next to it in importance is the question, What shall be the rates of duty on the sugar and other products of the Philippines? If we acquire the Danish Islands, the question will be, What rates of duty shall we impose upon the sugar of Santa Cruz? The other islands, it should be remarked, have no products, or none to be exported to the United States. Ultimately, we may assume that the products of all islands belonging to us will be admitted free of duty. This is what the sugar-planters of Santa Cruz count upon. This is what our beet-sugar men will have to reckon upon. But that is not all. This is the first step toward other West Indian annexations. The same reasons which prompt us to take the Danish possessions apply to any and all others, of the burden of which any European Power wishes to be relieved. The islands are desperately poor. Those for which we are now asked to give $4,500,000 of good money would not be accepted as a free gift if the Senators who have to vote upon the treaty should visit them in person. They will simply bring us new responsibilities and new expenses. Every argument that caused the rejection of the Seward treaty in 1867 remains in full force to-day, while the one argument in favor of it—that we were without any naval station in those waters—has ceased to have force since we have acquired Porto Rico.

Evidence is accumulating that something will be done speedily by Congress for the relief of Cuba, by a reduction of the duties on sugar grown on that island. The greatest apparent obstacle to such a step hitherto has been the supposed need of making an equal reduction to all countries with which we have treaty relations embracing the "most favored nation" clause. Investigations of the subject made by high authorities lead to the conclusion that the "most favored nation" clause does not apply to a country bearing the relations to us that Cuba bears at the present time. Mr. Frank D. Pavey has prepared a brief in behalf of the Chamber of Commerce of the island of Cuba, in which he maintains that, "during the military occupation of Cuba by the United States, Cuban products have the same international status as American products." At first sight this proposition strikes the reader as a surprise, but it has the support of Chief Justice Marshall and of the Englisn Admiralty Courts. In the case decided by Marshall,

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a ship carrying sugar, grown on the Danish island of Santa Cruz, and owned by a Danish subject, was captured during the war of 1812 by an American privateer and brought into an American port as a prize of war, on the ground that Santa Cruz had been captured, and was then actually held, by Great Britain. The court held that the sugar was lawful prize, saying that, "although acquisitions made during war are not considered permanent until confirmed by treaty, yet to every commercial and belligerent purpose they are considered part of the domain of the conqueror, so long as he retains the possession and government of them. The island of Santa Cruz, after its capitulation, remained a British island until it was restored to Denmark."

An opinion of Prof. J. B. Moore of Columbia University runs the same way. As quoted in the morning press, he says that when the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Hawaii was concluded in 1875, Germany acknowledged in a treaty that the "most favored nation" clause could not be invoked to secure the admission by us of German sugar free, since "the relations of proximity and other considerations" were not the same. The conditions which operated in the case of Hawaii, Professor Moore contends, "exist in the case of Cuba with a force and completeness not to be found in any other country not under the titular sovereignty of the United States." His general conclusion is, that the "most favored nation" clause does not stand in the way of the mutual reduction of duties on trade with Cuba. There is, perhaps, no higher authority in this country than the gentleman who gives this opinion.

The hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means on the Cuban sugar question were enlivened on January 22 by a colloquy between Mr. Richardson and Gen. Grosvenor. In the course of a statement made by Mr. Oxnard, the representative of the beet-sugar interests, the latter referred to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer and the Sugar Trust as the parties behind the movement for a reduction of the duties on Cuban sugar. Mr. Richardson asked whether he meant to say that President Roosevelt had been moved by the Sugar Trust to recommend such reduction. That Mr. Richardson's arrow went to the mark was proved by the start which it gave to Gen. Grosvenor, who "denounced such proceedings," and made the point of order that Mr. Richardson was trying to lead the witness (Oxnard) to attack the President of the United States. Mr. Richardson calmly replied that he had no such intention, and that he was seeking the truth. Then Mr. Oxnard disclaimed any intention to reflect upon the President. So the net purport of his statement was that the Sugar Trust had "put up the job" of reciprocity with Cuba, but that the President of the United States, from whom the movement derived its principal force and impetus, was as innocent as a lamb. The result of this tilt in the Committee was very damaging to the opponents of the measure for the relief of Cuba.

Another heavy blow was struck by ex-President Cleveland in a letter to Mr. A. B. Farquhar of York, Pa. Mr. Farquhar had asked him for an expression of his views on the subject of Cuban reciprocity. The latter replied that he considered the arguments of the beet-sugar men in opposition to the petition of the Cubans fallacious, mistaken, and misleading, but that the question "involves considerations of morality and conscience higher and more commanding than all others"; adding,

> "The obligations arising from these considerations cannot be better or more forcibly defined than was done by President Roosevelt in his message to Congress, nor better emphasized than has been done by Secretary Root; and yet Congress waits, while we occasionally hear of concessions which rich sugar interests might approve in behalf of trembling Cuba. I do not believe that nations, any more than individuals, can safely violate the rules of honesty and fair dealing."

We hold strongly to the belief that, if President Roosevelt shall, in this case, emulate the firmness and persistence with which Mr. Cleveland, in 1893, pushed the bill to repeal the Sherman Act, the measure for Cuban reciprocity which he and Secretary Root have so admirably presented to Congress will be passed in time to afford the needed relief.

Unfortunate Mr. Hepburn held back his speech of January 9 on the Nicaragua Canal Bill from the *Congressional Record* for ten days; but if he hoped to revise it into a less ridiculous conflict with the facts subsequently developed, he found the task impossible. He could not take back his high praise of the Canal Commission. There was Admiral Walker at the head of it, a man "most admirably fitted by his reading, his experience, his industry, his fidelity to duty." The report of the Commission was "well considered," and was in favor of the Nicaragua route. For what more did the House wish to wait? "We have their report"; let not the House be further beguiled about the possibilities of Panama. But, alas, before this appeal got into type, "we have their report" unanimously in favor of Panama; "admirably fitted" Admiral Walker, with his known fidelity to duty, signing with the rest. Any one but Hepburn so caught would look foolish; so would any House caught voting under his dictation. But the intrepid Congressman coolly announces that while facts may alter, his opinion based on them will remain the same, and that there is nothing in the revised report of the Commission to "lead to any abandonment of efforts in behalf of the Nicaragua route."

Rumors that there will be no canal legislation at all during this session of Congress have at least this foundation in fact, that exorbitant demands by Colombia or Nicaragua and Costa Rica may so disgust and chill Congress that it will vote no money at all for the present. The truth seems to be that the Central American countries concerned think they see a glittering prize all ready for their seizing. They have their eyes upon the surplus in our Treasury, and are simply figuring out how much of it they may get, to place it where they know it will do the most good. We understand that even the apparent check to their hopes has not made the Nicaraguan authorities a whit less exigent in their financial demands. If Colombia, as is reported, thinks that this country is now bound to take the Panama canal, and that she may therefore ask any sum she pleases for rental of the necessary territory, she will get a most rude awakening. All depends now upon a reasonable proposal by the Colombian Government. It should not forget that there are many men in Congress opposed to paying anything whatever for right of way.

It is apparent that the provisions for general subsidy in the pending Frye bill are introduced for amendment, and that various specially objectionable features of former bills have been temporarily withheld for the purpose of allaying Republican opposition. But, in spite of this, the new bill as it stands shows the essential injustice of any system of general ship subsidy; that is, the injustice of any subsidy except such as is paid for the purpose of calling into being new means of communication to specified foreign ports, to which such means are now lacking, and where they could not exist without Government aid. Among the iniquities of the pending bill is the fact that nothing in it will prevent an empty ship from collecting a full subsidy. This will interest those who are contending that the bill will operate to increase our commerce, and who allow that subsidies should be paid only in proportion to the cargo carried. Then there is the same old provision about vessels owned by corporations; that is, if the corporation is formed in this country, the stock may really be owned by foreigners, and the subsidy paid out of American taxes may all go as dividends to foreigners. There is no provision in the bill which will secure the establishment of any new means of communication, or will prevent the Government funds from going as a bonus to increase the dividends of those al-

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ready engaged in the shipping business, even though they provide no increased facilities for the public. There is no adequate guarantee that the subsidy will not eventually be given to foreign-built ships whenever Americans consider it for their interest to buy these ships and to obtain a special American registry for them, as has so frequently been done in the past by the companies which are pressing this bill.

Senator Nelson's bill to establish a Department of Commerce has passed the Senate with comparatively little opposition. On Wednesday week that body received a letter from Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, protesting against the transfer of the Bureau of Labor to the charge of the new Secretary. The trouble is the old one of "saving my order." Nobody objects to the establishment of a Department of Commerce, but nobody wants to see his particular interests incorporated into a general scheme of organization, even if such a scheme would conduce to the public good. Mr. Gompers puts his objection bluntly. The Bureau of Labor, he says, was organized at the request of the labor interests of the country, in the hope that it might ultimately become one of the executive departments of the Government, with a Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet. If it should be incorporated into any other, the "interests of labor" would be "minimized." In the end the new department was dubbed "of Commerce and Labor." A tendency of quite another sort was displayed by Senator Quarles's defeated amendment vesting the new Secretary with power to supervise the collection of statistics on commercial subjects made by the other departments of the Government.

Interviews with the officers of several national banks in New York indicate that there is general opposition to Representative Lloyd's bill permitting national banking associations to make loans upon real-estate security. Although the bill limits the amount of advances on real estate to 25 per cent. of the total loans of any bank, those who have been consulted are practically unanimous in condemning the plan, because real-estate security is not a quick asset. This, however, is not the only objection to real-estate loans. There is always a question about even the ultimate value of the property offered as security, and it often happens that banks find it necessary in times of depression to take over the real estate on which they have made loans, in order to protect themselves against the loss which would result if the property were suddenly thrown on the market. The fact is that no such extension of activity as the making of real-estate loans should be granted to any commercial bank, least of all to those which hold the reserves of the country, and may be called upon at any moment to furnish the current funds needed to meet sudden demands for cash. Further, as Mr. A. B. Hepburn points out, the banks in the large inland cities are often quite as important factors in maintaining the solvency of the country as are those of New York, since our system of reserve cities places in their hands the balances of the surrounding country. The national system must be made more attractive to capital, not by weakening the legitimate restrictions that have been thrown about the business of banking under it, but by removing the unnecessary ones which prevent the banks from using their credit by note issues.

The continued decline in the national bank currency and the withdrawals of deposited bonds from the Treasury indicate with renewed force the necessity of taking measures for revenue reduction. Secretary's Gage's policy in keeping the surplus down by means of bond purchases is effective enough as a temporary measure, but it results in raising the price of the bonds, and making it more profitable for the banks to sell them than to use them as a basis for circulation. It not merely raises the price of the outstanding bonds, but, should it continue, will take all the purchasable bonds out of the market. The national debt is now $105,000,000 less than during the summer of 1899. During January alone, purchases of bonds by the Treasury have amounted to a par value of $3,734,150, requiring an expenditure of $5,285,371 for the payment of principal and premiums. How the bond-purchases tighten the market is shown by the decline in offers of bonds to the Treasury from nearly $12,000,000 in November to less than $4,000,000 during January. Moreover, the bond-secured circulation, which stood at $328,845,067 in September last, will have been reduced to $317,500,000 at the end of March, and there is no apparent reason why the decline should stop at the last-mentioned figure. Evidently Congress must find some way, consistently with the safety of the noteholders, to take off the shackles from the national-banking system.

Some exceedingly interesting testimony regarding last year's Northwestern railway deals was submitted on Saturday at Chicago. We imagine that the public mind will be chiefly impressed by Mr. Harriman's testimony as to the use of the Union Pacific's credit in the operation. This witness had stated that, to-day, neither the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, nor Oregon Short Line owns any Northern Pacific stock. This was, of course, not news, the transfer of the stock having been part of the Northern Securities Company settlement of last autumn. Succeeding inquiries established three points: first, that the rich corporation, the Oregon Short Line, which bought the Northern Pacific stock at a figure "several times larger than its own capital stock," had to borrow the money for the purchase; second, that it apparently did not buy this $78,000,000 worth of stock for investment, but for strategic purposes; and, third, that corporations which make such purchases are quite at liberty to sell out again to anybody. As to the purpose of the purchase, it was, Mr. Harriman alleged, "to preserve to the Union Pacific the avenues already open to it," and to "develop an opinion that we were strong enough to control traffic in our own territory." The stock, Mr. Harriman testified, has been sold without loss to the Union Pacific Company; in other words, the operation resulted more agreeably than the Reading Railroad's by no means dissimilar operation of 1892. But we are nevertheless inclined to think that the public will do some sober thinking over this sort of use of corporate capital and credit. Mr. Harriman obtained his strategic purposes and sold out the stock without loss to his company. But who is to guarantee that the next exploit of the kind in the railway world will have the same ending?

The New Jersey Republicans have chosen as United States Senator a man who would never have been heard of in public life but for his money. The business career of the caucus nominee, Mr. John F. Dryden, has been long and successful, but of his political activity the most that is said of him by even his eulogists is: "To the party organization he has been a generous contributor." We have thus another rich man elected to the Senate simply because he is rich. We know nothing whatever against Mr. Dryden, and sincerely hope that his undoubted energy and business capacity may prove of service to the public; but what we say is, that, by the people of the State and by the country at large, his election will be regarded simply as one more step in the commercializing of the Senate. Of his opinions, or of his ability to state and defend them, nothing is known; whether he can draft a bill, what his capacity may be in committee work, what amount of intelligence he may bring to the routine of legislation—all this is an unknown quantity. One of his competitors, ex-Gov. and ex-Attorney-General Griggs, stood for the older Senatorial tradition. He is a skilled lawyer and an able speaker, has had a wide experience of public affairs, and would have distinctly added to the Senate what it most needs—intellect, not money. But he is passed over for a man whose one title to the honor is his wealth. We cannot regard this as an auspicious event.

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AN INDEFENSIBLE ACT.

On January 8 Senator Lodge introduced a bill "temporarily to provide for the administration of civil government in the Philippines." One object of this measure, which does not establish a new form of government, is to confirm the action of President McKinley in appointing the present Philippine Commission, and "to approve the acts of the Commission up to this time." In view of the latter purpose, it would be well for the American people, and also for Congress, to know something more about the legislative acts of the Commission, particularly as Secretary Root has hoped that "the work of the Commission will receive the approval which it merits." This work he declared to be praiseworthy "for its high quality of constructive ability, its wise adaptation to the ends desirable to be accomplished, and its faithful adherence to the principles controlling our own Government."

That this praise should apply to a large part, or even the greater part, of the work of the Philippine Commission may very well be. There is one achievement of the Commission in its character as sole legislature in the Philippines, however, which should receive only condemnation from Congress and the American public. This is a statute which became the law of the Philippine Islands on November 4, 1901, and which is verbosely entitled "An Act defining the crimes of treason, insurrection, sedition, conspiracies to commit such crimes, seditious utterances whether written or spoken, the formation of secret political societies, the administering or taking of oaths to commit crimes or to prevent the discovering of the same, and the violation of oaths of allegiance, and prescribing the punishment therefor." It is on its face a measure to assist the military in forcing the sovereignty of the United States down the throats of the Filipinos, and to prevent them from continuing their struggle for independence. Like all similar acts in all lands, it is of an essentially despotic character.

Its first section prescribes the penalty of death or imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five years, with a fine of not less than $10,000, for the crime of treason—that is, levying war or adhering to the enemies of the United States or the Philippine Government. In this it parallels the statutes of the United States. But in Section 5 the law goes beyond anything now upon the statute-book of the United States, and defines as sedition the infliction of any act of "hate or revenge" upon any official of the Government, or, "if with a political or social object," upon individuals, or any class of individuals. These crimes it punishes by a fine of not over $5,000 and imprisonment for not more than ten years. Conspiracy to commit the crime of sedition carries with it a punishment of not more than five years in prison and of not more than $1,000 fine. Going a step further, the taking of an oath to engage in a seditious project, or to bind one to fail to reveal any unlawful combination, is punished by the last-named penalty, as is the action of one who merely attempts to induce a person to take such an oath. But the climax of this extraordinary law is to be found in the following sections:

"Sec. 8. Every person who shall utter seditious words or speeches, write, publish, or circulate scurrilous libels against the Government of the United States or the Insular Government of the Philippine Islands, or which tend to disturb or obstruct any lawful officer in executing his office, or which tend to instigate others to cabal or meet together for unlawful purposes, or which suggest or incite rebellious conspiracies or riots, or which tend to stir up the people against the lawful authorities or to disturb the peace of the community, the safety and order of the Government, or who shall knowingly conceal such evil practices, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $2,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

"Sec. 10. Until it has been officially proclaimed that a state of war or insurrection against the authority or sovereignty of the United States no longer exists in the Philippine Islands, it shall be unlawful for any person to advocate orally or by writing or printing, or like methods, the independence of the Philippine Islands or their separation from the United States, whether by *peaceable* or forcible means, or to print, publish, or circulate any handbill, newspaper, or other publication, advocating such independence or separation. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding $2,000 and imprisonment not exceeding one year."

Plainly, the proper title for this act should have been "A Bill to Put an End to Freedom of Speech and the Liberty of the Press in the Philippines, and to Create a Nation of Spies and Informers"; for such is the purport of the provisions cited, and such will be the inevitable results of the law if it should be rigidly enforced. When it was before the Commission, some of the friendly Filipinos, and also Señor Buencamino, who represented the Federal party, protested against it on the ground that it would undo the beneficial effect of the benevolent speeches of members of the Commission when they first arrived in the Philippines. The Manila *Times* did not hesitate to tell the truth about the act. "There is no loophole left by it by which any man who is disaffected towards the Government in these islands, and so expresses himself by word or act, can escape. Even the secret knowledge of covert workings against the sovereign power in these islands is sufficient to make one culpable and amenable to the new law."

Evidently the new Liberty which typifies the United States abroad should fling away the torch of enlightenment for the bayonet, since her mission in the Philippines is plainly not to encourage men to be free, but to think only what her armed representatives deem wise. One of these, according to Representative Gaines, has declared the Constitution of the United States "a d—— incendiary document"! In what way such a policy as this Philippine one differs from the oppression of Russia in Finland, or that of Turkey in Armenia, it would be very interesting to know. Was there any law of King George the Third as arbitrary or as hard upon his American colonists as this when they revolted? We know of none. And yet Mr. Root would have us believe that the Commission, in all its acts, has "faithfully adhered to the principles controlling our own Government." Only once in its history has this Republic turned to such an extreme law, and that in 1798, when the famous Alien and Sedition Acts were passed, only to be repealed within a few years. "Let us not establish a tyranny," protested Alexander Hamilton, whose own party was passing these acts. Is it not a tyranny which the Philippine Commission has established by its sedition act?

Theodore Roosevelt recently named three characteristics or attainments as the necessary equipment of any man fitted to do useful work in our body politic. One of these he defined as "some knowledge of history." It would seem as if the members of the Philippine Commission were wilfully ignorant of some of the most tragic pages in modern history. For if they were familiar with the struggles for liberty of men under the tyranny of despots or under foreign oppression, they would know full well the futility of trying to overawe men's minds and spirits by threats of prison bars. The dungeons of Russia, the convict hovels of Siberia, the prison stockade on the island of Guam, all attest this truth.

THE SENATE AS TREATY-MAKER.

The ups and downs of the treaty with Denmark for the sale to us of St. Thomas, which is at last before the Senate for its approval, throw an instructive light upon the theories of Senator Lodge respecting the treaty-making powers of the Senate. He holds, in his *Scribner* article, that the Senate must be consulted in the framing, as well as in the ratification, of treaties. Of course it needs a negotiator, since the Senate cannot directly deal with foreign governments, but there stands the Secretary of State ready to carry out the Senatorial behests. Let him first find out what Senators want, then let him negotiate. Ratification will follow as a matter of course. Such is the Lodgian view.

The Danish instance, however, shows that, whatever may be said of the Constitutional questions involved, the practical application of these notions would make an end of all negotiation. The treaty with Denmark has been hanging fire for a year or two. There has evidently been a great deal of diplomatic give-and-

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take in connection with it. The Danish Government wants to know what commercial and political rights its West Indian subjects would have under the American flag. It is also thought to have insisted that they be allowed to vote on the question of American annexation. But must Secretary Hay poll the Senate on each one of all such questions arising in his correspondence before he dares to put pen to paper? Must he consult, not his chief, the President, not his colleagues of the Cabinet, but ninety Senators? We hear of a plébiscite in St. Thomas. But Lodge would have a plébiscite in the Senate before this or any other particular could be passed upon by our Secretary of State. If Mr. Hay were to conduct his department with the proper fear of Lodge before his eyes, he would have to keep foreign ambassadors waiting till he had called the roll of the Senate. This would not be very dignified, and it certainly would bring diplomatic business to a standstill. Diplomacy is at best a leisurely affair; this plan would make it a veritable Dead March. By the time that a Secretary had laboriously sounded the opinions of ninety Senators, a new Senate might come in, and the work would be all to do over again. Treaties could not be framed on such terms. No self-respecting man would consent to make himself, while nominally in charge of our foreign relations, in reality nothing but the errand-boy of the Senate, to deliver its messages to other countries.

What Senator Lodge really proves, in his magazine article, is something which nobody ever questioned—namely, the Constitutional power of the Senate to accept or reject a treaty made by the Executive. In this is implied the power to amend a treaty, if the Senate is willing to run the risk of defeating it thereby. To the assertion of this obvious truth, Senator Lodge comes forward with a great array of learning and eloquence. With triumphant logic he establishes what no man disputes, and wreaks himself upon a platitude with the enthusiasm of a Tupper. He thinks, of course, to slip into his Constitutional argument the inference that the power to ratify means the right to be consulted beforehand as to the thing to be ratified. Of course, an arrogant Senate may assert that right, if it can find a Secretary and a President weak enough to yield; but that it is fairly to be deduced from the grant of power made in the Constitution, is another story. Even if the law were good, the consequences would be so disastrous, and would so make an end of American diplomacy, that the practice ought not to be adopted. Indeed, even Lodge himself sees this, and observes that the Senate has "wisely refrained," as a rule, from exercising its "right" to negotiate treaties.

He is not very happy in the little lecture which he reads Lord Lansdowne upon that Minister's ignorance of the American Constitution. Lansdowne's refusal to accept the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as amended by the Senate, Lodge thinks due to entire "misapprehension" of the Senate's rights in the premises. But if the Senator had taken the trouble to read the British Foreign Secretary's minute on the treaty, he would have discovered that there was no reference to any unwarrantable action by the Senate. It was only because the American Ambassador laid the Senate amendments before the British Government that the latter took notice of them. And Lord Lansdowne pointed out, what was perfectly true, that these changes had been proposed without any previous attempt to see if they would meet British views. He added, moreover, that the American Government had before expressed to Lord Pauncefote not only its complete satisfaction with the treaty as it originally stood, but its "appreciation of the conciliatory disposition shown by her Majesty's Government." Here we get a vivid glimpse of the humiliations which the Lodge idea of treaty-making by the Senate would heap upon the American President and Secretary of State and the nation itself. It would give us the inevitable air of not knowing our own mind two days running. Our negotiators would be without authority. Our treaties would be waste paper before the ink on them was dry. We agree with Lodge that the Senate would indeed be "wise" to refrain from exercising a shadowy right which would lead directly to such lamentable results.

Lodge's precedents are not in point, except as they show that a President may consult the Senate in advance if he chooses. This, also, is one of those undisputed propositions which Senator Lodge argues with splendid power. He cites the example of Washington going into the Senate in person with an Indian treaty. Of course, the Senate was then practically a Privy Council, and the President could meet with it in secret, if he wished. So he can seek to know its mind now, no doubt, before taking any given action. The Washington case, if we remember aright, was the one described in Maclay's 'Journal,' when the first President rebuked the Senate for defeating his plan. It was then, as Maclay wrote, that "if the Father of his Country could ever be thought to look angry, he looked angrily at me." If that glance of wrath were to be seen in the Senate of to-day, we suspect that it would be directed towards the seat of the junior Senator from Massachusetts, on hearing his contention that the Senate possesses the power to negotiate treaties, and may exert it whenever it sees fit.

FEDERAL CLEARING-HOUSES.

A bill was introduced in the House on the 7th inst. by Mr. Pugsley of New York, to provide for a more elastic currency than the National Bank Act supplies. This has long been a desideratum, to the securing of which many minds have been working. Everybody who understands our present system knows that our banknote currency does not adjust itself to the demand for it. The demand for money in the commercial centres, where business is transacted mostly by bank checks, is met promptly and easily by the discount of commercial paper, taking the form of deposits. The proceeds of the discount are credited by the banker in the customer's passbook as a deposit, and the customer draws his checks against the same, exactly as though he had deposited there an equal amount of gold. When we speak of an elastic currency, we mean a system by which banknotes may be issued as promptly and readily as bank checks, so that when the customer's paper is discounted, he can draw the money in banknotes, if he chooses to do so. It may be asked, What prevents him from doing so now? In a single case he could do so, but if a large number of cases should come upon the bank simultaneously, its cash reserve would soon be exhausted, and it would be compelled to stop discounting.

If it could issue its credit in the form of its own notes, it could safely discount as much paper in that form as in the form of deposits. The reason why the bank cannot respond to the demand for notes as readily as to the demand for checks is, that the law requires the security of United States bonds before notes can be issued. This fact not only makes the currency inelastic, but makes it dependent upon the bond market. Any demand for bonds for other purposes than those of banknote issues contracts the circulation, even in the face of a demand for more circulation. The latter process is going on now. The Government itself is a buyer of its own bonds. It bids up the price. It offers a temptation to the banks to retire their circulation and sell their bonds, in order to pocket the premium. The law allows not more than $3,000,000 of banknotes to be retired each month. This is the rate at which the withdrawal is now going on. But for this limitation the retirement would be more rapid.

The bill introduced by Mr. Pugsley embodies the ideas presented by Mr. Theodore Gilman in his book on 'Federal Clearing-Houses.' It goes upon the theory that, if the clearing-houses of the country would unite in guaranteeing the goodness and prompt redemption of banknotes, taking the assets of the issuing banks as security and uniting their capital and credit to this end, such notes would be absolutely safe, and the security of Government bonds might be dispensed with.

The bill has two ends in view. One is

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to provide a safe and elastic note issue. If the object of the bill could be carried out and the banks of the country be grouped into national clearing-house associations of sufficient size, there is no doubt that notes issued upon the combined responsibility of these associations would be perfectly secure. The second object is to relieve the business interests from the embarrassment and actual damage done by the constant absorption of money by the Treasury and by its withdrawal from the channels of circulation as customs and internal revenue are collected—this to be done upon a security satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury. The provisions of the act are vague, cumbersome, and unwieldy. It would be simpler to let the Secretary deposit with the individual banks in his discretion, upon security furnished by them to his satisfaction, and to pay interest upon such deposits. It would be safe to deposit with the associated banks of any clearing-house district without security, but it would be exceedingly difficult to determine the method of doing this, and no one bank would be disposed to become security for the others. The same criticism applies to circulating notes. The strong banks would refuse to be responsible for the note issues of the weaker ones. Section 13 of the bill proposes to tax all clearing-houses that do not come into the system one-one-hundredth of 1 per cent. on all of their exchanges. This forcing process, we fancy, will get very little support in Congress, yet without the application of force it is not likely that the banks will adopt the proposed plan.

The great virtue and efficacy which clearing-house associations possess is that they are not incorporated bodies. They are under no supervision or constraint, and in times of crisis they can do what is deemed to be wise and necessary to meet the situation, unhampered and unrestrained. Under a law like the Pugsley bill these associations would be relegated to the status of regular corporations, governed by law, interpreted and administered primarily at the Comptroller's office. We might very likely have an incumbent in that office who would not be able so to grasp the situation in a time of crisis as to meet the emergency. Besides, if clearing-house associations were incorporated, they would be subject to injunction and mandamus, and the speculative interests in the Street might interpose judicial processes to prevent or enforce action or otherwise embarrass such an association for no other purpose than a speculative one. Such speculation would naturally be on the bear side.

The crux of the matter lies in the question, Will those clearing-houses which have the financial strength to command the confidence of the country consent to assume the duties and responsibilities assigned to them? Until some evidence is presented that they would do so, it is needless to consider the details of the measure.

BOOK COLLECTORS AND OTHERS.

For some weeks past the dispatches have been full of sensational purchases of works of art—a half million paid for such a Raphael, and a cool million offered for a Titian. To-day we are bid believe that the entire Borghese collection is to become the property of one of our countrymen, and the rather dubious rumor is at least taken seriously enough in England to arouse against the sale vigorous protest "in behalf of the civilized world"—excluding, naturally, the Americas. The collectors who buy Raphaels and Titians and galleries *en bloc* might be called the "strong-arm" men of the fraternity. They have in their unlimited wealth an unfailing argument, and they may easily dispense with the guile which is the most salient characteristic of the true collector. It is this fact which, while their conquests are viewed with a kind of fearful admiration, puts them generally out of the pale.

The collector's instinct is like genius, in that it is based upon an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is this which has brought much ridicule upon the craft. And, in fact, money values do come to depend upon the infinitely little. At a book sale the other day a first edition, 1846, of Hawthorne's 'Mosses from an Old Manse' was sold. The book generally is of no great rarity, fetching ten dollars, or thereabouts. But the copy in question was "in the original paper covers as issued," and the fact that no one had taken the pains to bind the two volumes properly was responsible for a price of $170. In the same sale a first edition of Emerson was commended because its paper label was in perfect condition; a crack, a finger-mark, a dog-ear, or a torn corner would notably have lessened the value of the copy. It might be said that these discriminations are often based on reason. One would rather have a clean copy of a book than a soiled, a fair white margin than a page cropped to the headlines. A margin, too, is a pleasing thing around a print, and early states of a famous etching are often preferable, on artistic grounds, to impressions from the finished plate. But these considerations do not explain sufficiently the startling caprices of collecting values—as the fact that Thackeray first editions, neatly bound, may be had for a song, while the same volume in its original serial parts, with the advertising pages and the ugly yellow-paper covers, may be worth a missionary's ransom; that we pay in banknotes for every centimetre of extra height of a rare Elzevir, and must cover every sixteenth of an inch of margin about a Rembrandt print with gold.

What is really paid for in every instance is simple rarity. The unique copy or impression is the ideal for the enlightened collector; and the anecdote which relates how a famous bibliophile pleaded with an associate for a certain book, raised his offer to an irresistible price, and then threw the book into the fire with the taunt, "Now my copy is unique," expresses the spirit in which many collections are made. A kind of madness Dibdin called it, and yet a madness which is fully justified of its children; for the supply of collectors is unfailing, that of desirable objects ever less. This makes a collection which has been shrewdly assembled with due regard to condition and speculative value one of the very best investments. And it must be said that very little collecting is free from this taint of commercialism. The books in a great private library are usually too valuable to be used, even if the collector, which rarely happens, is a reader also. His prints are of a kind too precious to be framed, his china too good for household use. What is he but, on the one hand, a dealer for probable or possible resale, or, on the other, an irrational idealist, in the pursuit not of the beautiful, but simply of the rare?

But the anti-social nature of collectors—their neglect of wife and family for the rare example, their disingenuous wiles for catching the unwary dealer or the ignorant owner—have been fully exposed by members of the craft; and since collectors glory in these things, the severe moralist finds their case beyond the power of rebuke to reach or of warning to stay. It should be said, however, that there is a kind of collector who is free from this reproach. Dealers do not favor him, or even admit that he is a collector at all, though they depend largely upon his enthusiasm for their support. He is unknown to the famous salesrooms, but a familiar figure at the book-stalls and smaller shops. This collector buys the books which he loves in the form in which he loves to read them. He buys cheap, and often wastes his money, but he satisfies his soul. His attitude towards books is a sentimental one. He is not wise about margins, and labels, or even about editions; but he loves the smell of old Russia; he knows, with Charles Lamb, that Beaumont and Fletcher never taste so good as when taken in folio; or he may have an invincible prejudice against reading Chaucer except in black-letter. He values books for their human associations, for all the homely signs of use, the scribbled "valde absurdum est" on a margin, or the signature of a former owner which defaces a title-page.

Only this kind of collector, after all, knows the real luxury of possession. His books, when he is beyond using them, may cut but a sorry figure in the

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salesroom, and his heirs and assigns may resent the thriftlessness which was willing to amass such merely personal treasures as are negotiable only at an appalling discount; but he himself should have the pardon of him who has loved greatly. We should not fail to admire the minute special knowledge, the painstaking sagacity, and the fanaticism in the quest exhibited by the great collectors of whom history takes account. But we do well, also, to praise the obscure and disinterested collector who loves his possessions for their own sake; and we may well suspect a definition so rigorous as to exclude from the line of collectors Charles Lamb, who loved old books with a kind of passion, and Sir Walter Scott, who made Abbotsford a veritable museum of objects which, apart from their personal associations, were of pitifully slight value.

HAVANA.

December, 1901.

Though Havana is by no means the oldest seat of Spanish power in Cuba—it is, indeed, the sixth in order of the places from which the island was governed from the days of Columbus to those of Gen. Blanco—its fame, its commerce, and its population so far exceeded those of all other cities in the Antilles and all round the Caribbean Sea, whether Spanish, French, or English, that the visitor approaches it with high expectations of finding a place with a dignity of aspect and a richness of interest corresponding to its history and its importance. In some respects he is disappointed. Of architectural beauty there is very little. The Cathedral, from which some of the remains of Columbus were recently carried back to Spain, is a heavy building, not very large and not very handsome, though the interior, being dignified and well-proportioned, is rather better than the dull exterior leads one to expect. It is not even very old, though the decayed aspect of the coralline limestone of which it is built gives it an air of antiquity. Neither has any other church any considerable merit. There are no striking towers, and but little of that rich ornamentation on the façade or on the doorways which gives a character to many of the churches of Spanish America. The military edifices are not much better. Morro Castle, of whose situation I shall presently say something, is modern, a good specimen of the fortification work of the eighteenth century repaired some seventy years ago, but destitute of beauty or even of picturesque character. The older fortress, on the west side of the entrance to the harbor, is remarkable from its massive solidity, its low gateways, and immensely thick walls enclosing gloomy dungeons, but is equally without architectural merit. Some of the palaces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have handsome internal courtyards—*patios*, as the Spaniards call them—with rows of good columns and stately staircases; but very few of these show any street front worthy of note. Here and there one finds pretty bits of iron work, but the streets are generally devoid of such architectural features as give charm to the cities of Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

In the older part of Havana, close to the fort, the thoroughfares, straight, as in all Spanish colonial towns, are narrow and the houses high, and there are sometimes arcades of pillars along them, sometimes awnings drawn from side to side. This part has therefore a kind of picturesqueness, enhanced by the occasional occurrence of small plazas or open spaces, and by the effects of light and shade which one gets in narrow streets with a strong sun and brilliant sky overhead. In the newer parts the streets are wider and probably healthier, but they are even more uniform in the style of building, with little or nothing on which the eye cares to rest. One gets the impression of a city in which there was neither an aristocracy desiring to assert itself by raising stately town houses, nor a body of merchants proud of their municipality, and willing to spend their substance in decorating their dwelling-places as the merchants of mediæval Italy or of the Hanseatic and free imperial cities in Germany were wont to do. This is natural enough when one remembers that Havana never had either a territorial or a commercial aristocracy. It seems strange, considering how rich the Roman Church was in Cuba, that neither bishops nor convents should have devoted more of their revenues to the erection of imposing or ornate ecclesiastical edifices, such as are found in some other parts of Spanish America, as, for instance, in Mexico. Thus there is really comparatively little to see in this famous capital of the Antilles. So far as architecture is concerned, a forenoon's walk is sufficient to show the tourist all he is likely to care for.

But if the student of architecture experiences some disappointment, if the historian finds comparatively little which can aid his imagination to reconstruct the earlier annals of Spanish rule, if the lover of costume and the aspects of social life notes less that is peculiar than he expected, there is, nevertheless, a measure both of beauty and of attractiveness in Havana. It recalls some of the famous cities of the Mediterranean in the brilliance of its light and the striking features of its situation. It stands on the west side of an inlet of the sea, two to three miles long and less than half a mile wide at its mouth. This is the haven which gives its name to the city, and which affords a perfectly safe and good anchorage with a depth of water sufficient, if not for the very largest Atlantic liners, yet for all the vessels that use, or are likely to use, the port. The older part of the town stands on nearly level ground along the harbor. The newer part is on rising ground further back, and has spread northward so as to face the sea outside the harbor, while the suburbs stretch still further along the north coast and inland over the acclivities of wooded hills to the west. Thus, as the visitor approaches in a ship, he sees a mass of white buildings rising on a gentle slope, backed by verdure, above the bright blue waters, usually (in winter) crisping under the northerly breeze. On the further side of the harbor entrance Morro Castle stands upon a high, rocky cape, against which the waves are always foaming, while a little further up the inlet the picturesque pinkish-white walls, now half dilapidated, of the old castle of Cabana crown the crest of a long cliff. The bay within is dotted with shipping, and at its head green hills, as yet untouched by houses, make a charming background, recalling (save that the glittering mosques and the sombre cypresses are absent) the head of the Golden Horn at Constantinople. Neither are pretty bits wanting inside the city. Both the large square called the Parque Central and the Prado, a long, wide avenue running northeast and southwest from that square, are filled with fine trees, many of them bearing brilliant flowers. So, too, in the suburbs there are groves and gardens of great beauty, with hills behind, whence lovely views over the bay and the sea are disclosed, Morro Castle forming a superb central point. At a spot called Vedado, some four or five miles to the west along the coast, a suburb is springing up which will, when the trees planted round the villas have grown taller and the roughness of the newly-made roads has disappeared, be an extremely attractive place for visitors, since it is fresher and healthier than the city and has a good hotel, which was much used by American officers in the early days of the occupation. An excellent service of electric cars connects it with Havana, and there is good sea bathing, though the Cubans, who have the horror so common among southern peoples of entering the sea during the cooler months, leave off bathing and shut up their establishments after the middle of October. To a visitor from the North, the water is delightfully warm even in December.

The American occupation has already done wonders for Havana. Yellow fever has been practically extirpated by the efforts of Gen. Wood and the admirable medical staff that works under him. Rubbish is no longer permitted to be thrown into the harbor. The streets have been cleansed and are now kept in excellent order. The remains of the old walls of the city, which the Cubans desired to clear away, have been preserved, and now form, in several places, singularly picturesque memorials of remote Spanish days. So, too, an ancient fortification on the west edge of the harbor mouth has been saved from destruction, and a handsome promenade laid out, whence a charming view can be had over the sea and across the inlet to the cliffs crowned by the castles of Morro and Cabana. (It is a curious mark of the insensibility of the Cubans to historical sentiment that they do not care for the antiquities of the city, and they actually insisted on removing a statue of Queen Isabella the Catholic, which stood in one of the plazas, a sovereign for whose gracious memory even those who rose against Spanish rule might have been expected to have some reverence.) Of all these services the greatest is the extinction of the malady which has so long cursed the coasts of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea. The stamping out of yellow fever not only has been a blessing to Cuba, but gives great hope of relieving from the danger of its attacks Galveston, New Orleans, and the Gulf ports of the United States. Moreover, an example has been set which Vera Cruz may soon follow, and which may ultimately be followed even by La Guayra, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro.

As respects the inhabitants of Havana, the stranger finds less beauty of face or

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costume among the women than he has been led to expect. The mantilla is not general; nor do the dresses generally show much of the grace and picturesqueness one associates with Spanish countries. Among the younger women there are many good figures as well as fine eyes; but Cadiz in the Old World and Baltimore in the New have a much higher proportion of handsome faces. Neither men nor women give the impression of a vigorous race; and, indeed, the most industrious and intelligent element in the population (excluding Americans, Germans, and Englishmen—the two latter not numerous) is that which has come lately from old Spain, and especially from the northern provinces—Catalonia, Asturias, Galicia, and the Basque districts. Between them and the native Cubans there seems to be now no ill-feeling, and a good deal of the commerce of the city is already in their hands, or is passing to them.

That the commercial activity of Havana depends upon the general prosperity of Cuba, and especially upon the agricultural development of the island and the construction of railways through it, goes without saying. At present the uncertainty of the political future checks new enterprises and keeps everything in suspense. It is, therefore, the less surprising that there is a want of bustle in the streets, and that the shipping in the harbor is not very numerous. Among that shipping there still stands out of the water one ghastly skeleton. It is the wreck of the *Maine*, which no one is in any danger of failing to remember.

THE REAL CHAUDIÈRE.

NEW YORK, January, 1902.

When I read Gilbert Parker's 'Right of Way' by instalments, I wondered where his Chaudière might be, for I knew the real Chaudière some half-century ago, and his picture of the people and their manners bore no resemblance to the reality. I am relieved to learn, from the preface to the book, that the Chaudière of the story had no existence, except in the author's imagination. The actual Chaudière and its people remain in my recollection as an idyll of primitive purity and simplicity.

The Chaudière River heads near the height of land between Maine and the Province of Quebec, and its waters almost interlock with those of the Kennebec. It was, therefore, from the earliest days—long before Arnold led his troops through it—a waterway between Quebec and the New England colonies; for, though turbulent for some distance above its mouth, where it leaps by its picturesque falls into the St. Lawrence, the upper stretches of the river are so slightly ruffled that the Indians and the Canadian voyageurs could paddle their canoes, with only one portage, for about forty miles. The fertile valley through which it flows in this section of its course was, early in the eighteenth century, parcelled out as seignories of twelve miles by twelve miles in extent to French immigrants of note. And as the land was rich, it was soon taken up by tenants, many of whose descendants still occupy the farms of their forefathers; for the seignorial tenure of land encouraged permanency of occupation. The tenant paid the seigneur only a trifling annual rent of one or two sous per acre, and the farm and its improvements descended on the same terms to the tenant's heirs. But if he sold his holding to a stranger, the seigneur was entitled to *lods et ventes*, or a commission amounting to a large share of the price. Transfers were, therefore, costly and rare, and generation after generation of the same family occupied the same land, cutting it up, however, into strips, as heirs multiplied who refused to emigrate from the parish, until the attenuated farms became too small to supply even the slender wants of the simple folk who cultivated them.

Some sixty years ago, in the bed of one of the streams flowing into the Chaudière through the Parish of Saint François, a girl picked up a curious stone, which was recognized to be a nugget of gold. But the discovery, though noted by Capt. Badderley in the Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society some years afterward, created no excitement. California and its gold had not loomed up to inflame the imagination of the world; and, to the primitive folk of the Chaudière Valley, the discovery of a nugget was of less moment than the birth of a baby. It had been better for my father's purse had he been as impassive as his countrymen, but he first joined a few other enterprising spirits in buying from the seigneur the right to work the auriferous gravels, and, the company failing, he then undertook alone the unprofitable task. And thus it came about that I spent two pleasant summers among the gentle, courteous *habitants* of the Chaudière Valley.

My job was to superintend some gravel workings on a small stream called after the family who owned the land at its mouth, the Deplante. The farm, of ample width originally, had been subdivided among three branches of the family. One eked out a living by blacksmithing, another had some skill as a carpenter; my host, as the head of the Deplantes, disdained other occupation than farming, which, however, he practised, not in person, but through the members of his family. These consisted of a wizen but shrewd old woman, the wife, who was profuse in her professions, and refused to name any price for her hospitality, but, if her "ce que vous voulez" was not responded to as liberally as she expected, left no doubt in your mind that you had been guilty of disgraceful meanness. It was well she had some business capacity and ambition, for her husband had none. He dreamed and slept his life away in the barn. Some of the hay was always sticking in his shaggy, tawny shock of hair. He was the infidel of the village. He never went to mass, but his heretical notions were not very clear, and he recognized the force of public opinion sufficiently to wisely shut them up in his own muddled brain—except to an admitted heretic. They really consisted of little else than an admiration for a shadowy Voltaire, who he said was "un grand homme. Il a écrit soixante-dix volumes, monsieur." His indolence was inherited by his eldest son Olivier, but the younger son, François Xavier, was an active but rather disagreeably pushing youth, who ultimately broke up the ancestral home; for, years afterwards, when I drove up the Chaudière, the old people had died, the girls had married, the boys had flitted, and the place knew the Deplantes no more. The other members of the family were four girls. The eldest, Euphrosyne, a good-natured, strapping girl, did most of the outside work; Pélagie was the wit of the family; Ellen was a pale-faced, light-haired beauty, who seldom or never spoiled her complexion by field work, but was the family seamstress; and Marie, a bright little girl, was at the village school. She subsequently was sent to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec to complete her education, by fitting herself to become the village schoolmistress in turn.

There were four of us, all in search of gold dust in the bed of the Deplante stream, who wished to board with the Deplantes; but the house contained only two big rooms and the garret. The outer room was the kitchen and living-room, with its big fireplace and its deal table and home-made chairs, whose bottoms were woven out of the underbark of the cedar. The wrought-iron lamp, of the exact shape of those used by the old Romans, filled with tallow, in which a wick was immersed, and which hung from a notched stick secured to the ceiling, gave a dingy light for the short space of evening between suppertime and bedtime, for the family engaged in no literary pursuits. The inner room contained four huge bedsteads, one in each corner, so high that agility or a ladder was required to enter them. What members of the family occupied them when we were not there, we had, of course, no means of knowing. When we were there, the old couple and the girls climbed into the garret, the boys slept in the barn. But to sleep four in a room, even though each occupied a separate bed, was not consistent with our habits; so we suggested that partitions might, without much cost, be thrown up. The mere mention of a change in the architecture of the old wooden house threw the old man into a panic. It was the only occasion in our acquaintance when we observed the slightest disturbance in the placidity of the poor old fellow's temper. His great-grandfather had built the house, and to touch it was a profanity. He could not—he dare not. But, as the alternative was our leaving, the cupidity of the old lady overcame the old man's scruples, and the partitions were knocked up. I have since then felt that we committed a crime, for I fear we broke into and helped to break down a simple mode of life without any parallel on our busy, skeptical, self-seeking continent.

The family lived almost exclusively on bread and milk. A can of milk covered with a luscious layer of cream was placed before each. Pancakes, so light that they almost tossed themselves, made with no stint of eggs, and occasionally a little fat pork, varied the simple diet. But we wanted butter. In the rich meadows along the Chaudière a herd of their cows fed, and milk and cream there was galore, but butter had never been made, and there was no churn in the house. I recall well how Euphrosyne beat up the rich cream into a substitute for butter in a bowl, using her hand as a beater. It was not nice, and it soon turned sour; but, rather than introduce the innovation of a churn, they preferred buying butter at the store. Besides the cows, they kept sheep, whose fleece supplied the family loom, on which the girls, during the long winter months, wove the *étoffe du pays* for the men's clothing, the striped stuff for their own petticoats, and the blankets for the beds. The fleece was spun at home, after being carded at

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the seigneur's mill on shares, for, as a condition of the old seignorial grants, a carding and a flour mill had to be run by these representatives of the old feudal lords, for the convenience of their tenants and their own profit. Then there was a patch of flax, beautiful in the flowering season, and in the autumn the flax-beaters were brought out on the banks of the stream, in whose waters the flax stems had been steeped, and the merry clack, clack of the wooden bar was mingled with the happy laughter of the girls, as they prepared the fibre to be made by themselves into the family linen and sheeting. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the selfish colonial laws of old France—more exacting even than the commercial laws of England—allowed the Canadian-French *habitant* to begin this self-supporting existence. Ever since then they have added little to the revenue derived either from the customs of his Sacred Majesty of France or the British Crown.

Nevertheless, once in a year there was a trading expedition made by some member of the Deplante family to Quebec. The two-wheeled cart was loaded with a few eggs and turkeys and like salable articles, and with provender for the pony and for one of the boys and one of the girls; and the journey of fifty miles to Quebec and fifty miles back was made by easy stages. Every evening the traders camped by the roadside, and, on the evening before they reached Quebec, stopped just beyond Point Levis, so as to take the earliest ferry-boat and secure a good position in the line of market carts, from which the thrifty housewife still buys on market days her provisions—for the huckster is forbidden to purchase from the farmer until after the householder has had his or her first choice. The few dollars' worth of poultry and maple sugar sold, the important event of the year followed—the expenditure of part of the proceeds in a cotton dress or two, for mass on Sundays; some trifling articles of finery, a little green tea, and some simple remedies. The journey back and the pleasant return home completed the one excitement of the year.

It was a very moral village. With a view to excite early marriages, the boys and girls were encouraged by the priest to meet freely, but at discreet distance. Swinging was the fad, and a huge wooden structure stood before our cottage. The boys might swing the girls, but the lads and the lasses must not swing together. Dancing was not forbidden, but round dances were strictly prohibited. On Sunday afternoon the young men assembled by dozens at our house, each arriving with his own horse and cart, which lined the fence around the meadow between the house and the main road; and then the din of laughter and song, and the dense smoke of acrid, home-grown tobacco, made Sunday afternoon less pleasant to us boarders than to the happy, noisy crowds on the other side of the partition.

The principal personages of the parish were the notary and the priest, but of the two the priest stood supremely highest in the regards of the people. The parish priest of the Province of Quebec is not only the spiritual guide of his parishioners, but the adviser to whom they look for counsel in matters of this world, for medical assistance when the doctor is not nigh, and for consolation in every time of trouble. No clergy in the world stand in as close and intimate relation to their flocks, without being in familiar contact with them, as the French priests of Quebec. The Irish priest is socially even nearer to his people than the Canadian curé, but this very sociability detracts somewhat from his influence and the sacredness in which his person and his office are held. One day the children returned from mass looking almost solemn. A tavern had been opened in the parish against the curé's protest. From the pulpit he had anathematized the tavern-keeper as the destroyer of public morals. He had forbidden his parishioners to patronize the evil den, and threatened that, unless it was closed, he would call down fire from heaven and consume it. His congregation believed in his power to do so, and he, convinced that he was doing heaven's work, believed that heaven would help him.

We were very good friends, the priest and myself. I had given him an Italian copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas for an altarpiece. The last time I saw him was under the following rather peculiar circumstances. It was several years after I had lived in the Deplante family. My father's concession of the gold-field had nearly expired when rumor reached Quebec that a wonderful strike had been made by a company of four *habitants*, who had taken out a license to work on halves. I found the stream on which the rich bar had been discovered alive with gold-seekers; but I found also that, unless I reduced the royalty to a more reasonable proportion, very little would be paid. So I notified the diggers that I would accept one-fourth instead of one-half. Small quantities of gold dust were turned in by stray miners, but the lucky four appeared with two and a half pounds of gold, which they claimed was the result of their work with tin pans in the bed of the stream for ten days. I willingly accepted the gold, and believed their statements. But it soon came to my hearing that the returns they made were far short of their luck, so I cancelled their license. The following day the four men met me, and, as a preliminary, wished an assurance that I would still accept one-fourth instead of demanding one-half. This, of course, I gave, and in the evening they arrived at the hotel with a big mustard-bottle full of dust and nuggets. They had washed a pound of gold for ten consecutive days out of the bed of the stream, and they weighed me out the balance of two and a half pounds.

Not unreasonably, they asked for just a little back, the more so as, in not making a true accounting at first, they assured me they had acted with the consent of the curé. So next day I called on my friend the priest, and received a characteristic explanation. After the extraordinary find, the four *habitants* called on his Reverence, told him the truth, and asked, as a matter of conscience, whether they might not conceal temporarily the full extent of their good fortune, inasmuch as a revelation of such unusual wealth might assist the *concessionaire* in selling to the Yankees, and the Yankees might cancel their license. The advent of the Yankee from this point of view mattered little to the priest, but the Yankee as the embodiment of heresy, vice, and worldliness mattered much to his Reverence, and he fell in with their views, provided they pledged themselves to make ultimately an honest return. But, on my cancelling their license, they returned to the *presbytère* and laid the case again before his Reverence. They said they were willing to pay at once, as the love of the gold might grow on them, and, when the season closed, they might be reluctant to part with it; moreover, they might die suddenly, and what would happen if they passed into the next world with stolen gold in their possession?—a question the priest could not undertake to answer satisfactorily. They thought, therefore, that unless his Reverence objected, they had better ease their conscience and their pockets at once—a holy resolve, to which his Reverence heartily assented. It was with this pleasant incident that I ended my intercourse with the simple, sincere folk of the Chaudière Valley. I have seen it since from the railroad cars, but I fear the railroad has changed the habits of its people more than it has altered the aspects of the country.

J. Douglas.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

London, January 6, 1902.

The Royal Academy once more justifies its existence by the excellence of its winter exhibition. After the two memorial shows by Leighton and Millais, the fine Rembrandt and Van Dyck collections, and last year's unfortunate display of half a century of British art, it has returned to the usual miscellaneous series of Old Masters. There have been winters when the great masterpieces have been more numerous and more remarkable, winters when a wiser restraint has been put upon numbers. Indeed, nothing is gained by the two extra galleries added this year to the usual five. But there are many pictures notable for one reason or another, while there is a special exhibition within the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Claude—the first time, to my knowledge, that due honor has been paid in England to the great French landscape painter.

Of the Claudes I shall speak at length further on. To turn to the rest of the collection is to find that almost all old masters and every school and country are represented, with one astonishing exception—there is no English work, none of the Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs, the Constables and Turners, hitherto so prominent. The series begins with a sufficient selection of Italian Primitives to afford employment to the Morellian. Already labels are being juggled with, and new "attributions" made. But really in this section is little to give pleasure to the artist save a small "Virgin and Child with Angels," conventional in design, but very lovely in its harmony of gold and rose, catalogued as a Benozzo Gozzoli, and then immediately handed over to an unknown, unnamed Sienese painter, as if it mattered; and two most beautiful *cassone* fronts by Pesellino—the story of David and Goliath told as naïvely as possible, event succeeding event with no interval in the composition on the long panel, but with a splendor of color, a rhythmical swing in the design, decidedly uncommon in the work of the Primitives. Coming down a little later, the most famous picture included is, per-

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haps, the Colonna Raphael, with its well-established pedigree and record of adventure. It is the altarpiece which Raphael painted for the nuns of St. Anthony of Padua at Perugia—an early altarpiece. Sold by them in an hour of need, it passed from owner to owner, from town to town, from country to country, resting for a while in Rome with the Colonna family, whose name ever since has clung to it, until, finally, after having been thought not worth a place in the Louvre and the National Gallery, and not worth looking at while it was sheltered at South Kensington, it has fallen into the hands of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and in England loud lament is heard because it seems destined, with many another celebrated "old master," to leave Europe for America. But, save for the magic which the name of Raphael still has for the world at large, save for its well-authenticated history, the picture is without great merit. In composition it recalls somewhat the Ansidei Madonna—that seventy thousand pounds blunder of a Liberal Government. The Virgin, holding the Child in her lap, sits on the conventional throne with the correct canopy and elaborate decoration; on either side are arranged the conventional saints in saintly halos and draperies—on the left St. Catherine and St. Peter, on the right St. Rosalia and St. Paul, and, almost in front, the little St. John. They have the pretty insipidity, they pose with the self-consciousness, characteristic of Raphael's saints, and Perugino would have designed for them a more beautiful and spacious landscape as background. Above, in the lunette, is God the Father, with two attendant angels in a Peruginesque group. But the most interesting thing in connection with the picture in its present quarters is the fact that all the panels of the predella (with the exception of one said to have already preceded the picture itself to America) are included in the exhibition—the first time, probably, they have been gathered together since the poor nuns in Perugia had to part with them. But the Academy, with its accustomed unintelligence, has seen fit to leave the panels in the first room, and hang the picture in the third—for no better reason, apparently, than because it is rather against precedent on these occasions to hang both small and large works in the third gallery.

Probably, if the Raphael had been the only picture lent by Mr. Morgan, the outcry over America's gradual acquisition of the old masters would be, for the moment anyway, less loud. But he lends four others—on the choice of three he is not to be congratulated—and it is not so long since every one was talking of his purchase of Gainsborough's "Duchess," which nobody envies him, and the beautiful Fragonard series, which every gallery and museum must want to dispute with him. Of his paintings at the Academy, by far the finest is a landscape by Rembrandt—a wood, the light falling on an open glade in the foreground, and, beyond, the mystery and infinite depths of the forest, little figures disappearing into the shadowy distance; above, a clear sky—a landscape charged with romance. A portrait of the "Cardinal Ferdinand," by Rubens, and a "Lady and Little Girl," by Van Dyck, are fairly characteristic examples, if not the most distinguished of the two great Flemish masters. But I do not think Mr. Pierpont Morgan—or America—is to be congratulated on the Titian, a large Holy Family, as cold in color and commonplace in sentiment as any picture I have ever seen labelled with the name of Titian.

Few other paintings, until the Claudes are reached; need detain one in a general notice of so miscellaneous a gathering. In previous shows I have seen nobler portraits by Rembrandt and Franz Hals, more exquisite examples of Terburg, more sumptuous color by the Venetians. Great names are everywhere in the Catalogue, great work is far more rare on the walls. If I except the sketches for Titian's "Last Supper," painted for Philip II., and now at the Escorial, and for Tintoretto's "Marriage Feast" in the Sacristy of the Salute, Venice; if I except a silvery-gray landscape by Murillo—a surprise, to me at least, because it has such charm and is the only landscape by the Spanish sentimentalist I have seen, but how cheerfully would I exchange it for any number of his Immaculate Conceptions and Assumptions; if I except a blue and white glimpse of Venice by Guardi, a delicate study of tender whites and grays, "Grace Before Meat," by Chardin, and, it may be, a few others here and there, the one picture of any special note is the "Finished Sketch," as it is described in the catalogue, of "Las Meniñas," by Velasquez. Though not, within my memory, exhibited publicly before, the picture is well known. It belongs to Mr. Ralph Bankes of Kingston Lacy, and in reproduction can be seen in the late R. A. M. Stevenson's 'Essay on Velasquez.'

The first thing that strikes one in the composition is the absence of the reflection of the King and Queen in the far mirror. One feels still more keenly the sharpness of detail everywhere, but especially in the pictures on the walls and the upright canvas in the foreground. The figures of the little Infanta, with her maids of honor, her dwarfs and other attendants, and of Velasquez are exactly as in the picture at the Prado, and the central group is put in with something of the breadth and freedom of the master, though the faces do not suggest his touch. But figures and detail are not enveloped in the magical atmosphere that is the beauty of the larger finished work; something has gone from those "fields of vibrating space," that "vast shadowed top" of surely the most wonderful room ever painted. For my part, I believe the "sketch" to be a copy, though I cannot understand why a copyist should have omitted such an important feature as the reflected figures in the mirror. Even as I write, I am assured by a critic who thinks himself an authority and has not yet become a dealer, that it is a copy, probably by Del Mazo, and I fancy most lovers of Velasquez will come to the same conclusion without waiting to hear the critic's arguments.

The Claudes alone would make a delightful exhibition. They are lent by several different owners and collectors. The principal paintings come from the Duke of Westminster, Lady Wantage, the Earl of Yarborough, Sir Frederick Cook, the Marquis of Lansdowne; the drawings, chiefly from the King, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. George Salting, Mr. Knowles. About half the pictures I could willingly have omitted. The others show Claude as the great master he really was. His reputation has been somewhat overshadowed in England by the fame of Turner. Ruskin could not exalt the Englishman of the nineteenth century save at the expense of the Frenchman of the seventeenth. The very fact that Turner himself invited comparison by hanging certain of his landscapes for all time by the side of Claude's, made most people come to the conclusion that Turner must stand the test triumphantly. But he does not, and there are no pictures of Turner's anywhere as perfect as two or three in the present collection. In main features they may be alike. Claude delighted always in wide, rich landscape, in noble groups of trees, stately architecture, tranquil stretches of water, the silver light of noonday, the golden glow of evening. He preferred the well-balanced composition to the bit of Nature chosen at haphazard and copied in all its crudeness. And for this reason his work is sometimes thought cold and conventional and monotonous. But what variety there is, even if motive and material are so often the same! How different the light that falls so serenely on the winding river, the low hills, and distant castle in the "Shepherd Playing on his Pipe," and the golden glow with its dramatic fervor in the splendid "Landscape" from Grosvenor House, though in both it is the hour of sunset! How different the architectural stateliness of one or more "Seaports," and the Watteaulike daintiness and charm of "La Récompense du Village"! And though an unmistakable Claude, where is there anything like "The Enchanted Castle," lent by Lady Wantage, with its exquisite cool light, its tranquil space of sea where the white sails hover, its mountains fading into blue haze against the pale distant sky, its Arcadian peace and calm!

It is not only the variety of Claude that impresses you after a careful study of all these pictures; it is even more their modern feeling and tendency. For a while, he was looked upon as the slave of conventions, one of the powers of evil to be warred with in the general revolt against the academies and traditions. But I think R. A. M. Stevenson was right when he bracketed Claude with Velasquez and Rembrandt as the first of the moderns. He it was who, in landscape, first revealed the true beauty of light. The painter of to-day may have learned much about the scientific qualities and effects of light, but he has seldom understood as well as Claude its serenity, its splendor, its poetry. Claude, again, was artist enough to know that the sun could shine with the same charm on an impressive classical landscape as on the cabbage-patch at his door; he was not afraid of beauty. And as, in that lovely village dance I have just referred to, he seemed to anticipate Watteau, so there are many passages in many pictures to which you may trace the inspiration of Corot and the Romanticists, who, however romantic in name, had the Frenchman's instinctive love of harmony and order, and were unwilling to leave the composition of the simplest landscape to take care of itself. Certainly, I have come away from the Academy convinced not only that Claude was the great master in his own time, but that from his work is derived much that is greatest in modern landscape.

I have seen, perhaps, finer drawings by Claude in Florence. But still, many in the

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long series shown are of undoubted interest and value, and the chance to compare them with the pictures for which in some cases they are the notes and suggestions, should prove of immense advantage to the student. They are chiefly in sepia, bistre, and pen-and-ink. Many are sketches of places; of Rome, which he knew so well; of Civita Vecchia and Genoa, which he must have known better than is generally supposed. For at Civita Vecchia, more particularly, the tourist may still see, if he has eyes, the stately piles of architecture, the broad quays, with their curving steps descending to the water's edge, the towers, the tall shipping, the splendor of light in the evening where the channel leads westward, that occur in so many of Claude's pictures of seaports. Other drawings are studies for paintings, always distinguished by the same fine sense of composition and love of graceful form, and sometimes, in arrangement, to the very groups of dancing nymphs, curiously suggestive of Corot. Altogether, I do not remember anywhere a finer exhibition of Claude, and it is fortunate that the Academy, after the horrors it perpetuates in the summer, should, in the winter, give one some reason to be thankful for its existence. N. N.

Correspondence.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without wishing in a general way to deny the soundness of Professor Münsterberg's, and his reviewer's, position in regard to American school education, I should like, with your kind permission, to present a few phases of the subject neglect of which might confirm some of our most earnest critics in their, as it seems to me, rather one-sided view.

First of all, as a matter of fact, the elective system has not become an important feature in the schools of this country below the high school. The so-called introduction of the "kindergarten spirit and methods" into the primary grades has occasionally been carried to excess by well-meaning cranks, but its influence upon primary education has been, on the whole, beneficial, in so far as it has helped to discard many useless formalities and mechanical devices in teaching and discipline. In the primary and grammar grades the pupils are held to prescribed courses of study, and in the high schools the selection of studies is not without restriction. It really amounts to a choice among several courses which, *mutatis mutandis*, differ from each other very much like the curricula in the four or five kinds of secondary schools in Germany. It is doubtful whether a complete separation of pupils pursuing different courses, by assigning to each section a special building and a separate corps of teachers, would be advantageous if it were feasible.

In referring to the superior scholarship of German teachers, one should always bear in mind that the vast majority of German children do not enjoy the instruction of such scholars as constitute the teaching force in the gymnasia and the other secondary schools of a high grade. Among the 85,000 members of the Deutscher Lehrerverein, for example, there are few university graduates. If we could strike the average of scholarship of the teachers of all grades in Germany and compare it with the scholarship of the average American teacher, the advantage would still be on the German side, but there would not appear the wide difference of conditions assumed by Professor Münsterberg. As the American public school combines the various classes of German schools (gymnasium, realschule, etc., down to the volksschule), it is not fair to compare its teaching force with that of the gymnasium alone, which has for generations been enjoying, more than any other institution, the fostering care of the Government. It differs from our high school not only by its more extended course of study, but also by its exclusive function as a fitting school for the University.

Like Professor Münsterberg, I had from my early boyhood none but university graduates for instructors. For two years previous to my entering the gymnasium, I, together with one other boy, was taught by a young theologian taken into the family as a private tutor. I never had any fault to find with him on my own score, and it did not occur to me till many years after that the other boy's nervous system and, to some extent, his life were ruined by that man's pedagogy and the mistaken sense of duty of an ambitious, well-meaning father. The theologian endeavored to pound Latin and Greek into the little fellow, and the father upheld him in the attempt. They had none of the indulgence of American fathers and teachers. (The mother and an aunt entreated the conscientious tutor to desist from using the Spanish reed; he promised, but did not keep his promise.) I have since been able to recall a number of similar cases among my comrades at the gymnasium less fortunate than myself. One boy, I remember, whose case was a hopeless one, left the gymnasium early, after a severe tussle with an irascible teacher. He is now Commerzienrat and the head of one of the largest banking firms in Hanover. That my experience in this respect is not exceptional, and that the present conditions in the German schools, though improved, are not altogether changed, I infer from the reports of others and from the manner in which some recent German novelists have treated the school question. On the other hand, I am firmly convinced, from what I have seen of American "schoolma'ams," that many of them (college graduates, of course, and good scholars in our modest sense of the word) could have taught those boys—who were not dunces—almost anything, not excepting Latin and Greek.

This letter has grown to such length that I must leave it to those of your readers who are interested in the matter to draw their own inferences from the above statements. Allow me only to say, in concluding, that there seems to me good reason for hoping that, as the Germans are gradually transforming their inherited educational system into one of less uniform and rigid requirements, so the people of the United States may evolve out of the as yet somewhat chaotic present conditions a system of popular instruction and education of their own, not yielding in thoroughness and efficiency to any, but superior to all hitherto known in the fuller recognition of the many-sidedness of human nature and of the multiplicity of ways leading to human virtue and happiness. That Professor Münsterberg is contributing his generous share to the realization of such hope, nobody can effectually gainsay.

A. Lodeman.

Ypsilanti, Mich., January 19, 1902.

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One would think, to judge by the newspaper press out here, that the whole Pacific Coast was unanimous in favor of Chinese exclusion, but I can assure you that such is not the case by any means. The fact is, the newspapers are pretty much in the hands of the Typographical Union, and it is as much as their going to press is worth to print anything inimical to the so-called cause of Labor; this so-called cause being nothing else than a concerted effort to raise the price of labor and arbitrarily prevent any one else from cutting it. This is legitimate enough if carried on on legitimate lines, but it shows the assurance of its upholders when, as was actually the case the other day in a conference over a labor dispute, they actually have the face to claim from employers the recognition of unionism to the entire exclusion of non-unionism, on the ground that the union enables them to raise wages!

Sentiment from this quarter, like the sentiment of the consumer of high-protection articles, is not voiced much; nevertheless, there is much unspoken protest which will come to a point some day. The salmon-canners are at their wits' end to get Chinese labor, and the serious hampering of this industry is imminent. Then, many farmers and land-owners would be glad to clear up and cultivate what is now waste land, but they cannot possibly do so on the basis of the "high standard of living" that is demanded for the whole working-class. Last, but not least, the humble home-keeper lives in daily terror lest she find herself without help of any kind. White help has always been scarce, but now Chinese is just as much so, and unless an average good Chinese cook can get $35 or so per month, he clears out and goes elsewhere.

What is to be the result it is difficult to see, but there is no question that the Coast is being very much kept back by the scarcity of ordinary labor, and a large-sized vote of thanks will be forthcoming to any agency in the East that will help us to get a fair-sized dose of the "Yellow Peril." W. J. B.

Portland, Oregon, January 20, 1902.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it too much to ask that gentlemen who propose to instruct the public as to the meaning and scope of an international treaty shall first inform themselves as to the history and object of that treaty, and shall quote it without omitting essential qualifying clauses? This question is suggested by certain recent correspondence in your columns, especially a letter signed Arthur Johnson in the issue of January 23. The history of the treaty

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of St. Petersburg made in 1825 has been fully set forth by the writer in 1889; and more recently, from a study of the unpublished documents, the Hon. John W. Foster has given an account of the negotiations which led up to it, the object insisted upon by Russia and finally conceded by Great Britain, and other details. This statement has not been and cannot successfully be attacked on the score of accuracy and fairness. To this inquirers should be referred, as neither your space nor my time permits of an extended restatement here.

The so-called "claims of Canada" arose from the fact that the exclusion of Great Britain from the sea between Skagway and Port Simpson, which was the effect of the treaty, has become inconvenient to Canada now that the hinterland of the Northwest Territory is being developed. This led some ill-informed individuals to propose an interpretation of the treaty, aided by some obscurity in its terms, which interpretation, to obtain plausibility, requires (1) the total ignoring of the history of the treaty, written and cartographic, and of the mutual action of the parties to it after it had been signed; (2) that, when the treaty says Portland Channel, it must be assumed not to mean Portland Channel; (3) that when the treaty purports to convey a continuous strip of coast *(lisière de côte)* it must be assumed to mean broken patches of coast interrupted by foreign territory; (4) that when the treaty directs that a line shall follow the sinuosities of the coast *(parallèle aux sinuosités de la côte)* it shall be interpreted as meaning that the line shall be drawn disregarding these sinuosities.

What, we may ask, is the value of any treaty if it be subject to such interpretations? I believe I am correct in stating that the British Government has never officially adopted these propositions, though colonial politicians have used them for their own purposes; and, by constant reiteration, it is probable that many well-meaning but ill-informed persons may finally come to believe, in defiance of the real facts, that there is something reasonable and even equitable in these hypothetic interpretations.

In addition to hypotheses, Mr. Johnson is guilty of direct error in several instances when it would be inferred he had the treaty before him. He says that a clause in the treaty "grants to Great Britain the right to 'free navigation' of all these inlets," and asks, "Of what use would this be did she not own their upper reaches?" The truth is that the treaty grants this privilege for a term of ten years. If she "owned the upper reaches" of the inlets, she could hardly have been excluded from them at any time. With regard to the name Portland Channel, or inlet, its history is short, definite, and precise, and the contrary assumption is utterly baseless. Its location and character were settled by Vancouver, who first mapped it, and have never been in doubt since. Mr. Johnson also states that there is a clause in the treaty "which expressly denies prescriptive rights to either party." This is untrue. The only clause which gives even a color of plausibility to such a statement is one in which the contracting parties agree not to make settlements in each other's territory. In pursuance of this, Russia made a settlement on one of the Gravina islands within a few miles of Portland Inlet and the British post of Fort Simpson, and her right to do so was never questioned. When the Hudson Bay Company tried to erect a post surreptitiously on Wrangell Island, they were ignominiously driven away by Russian naval forces.

But, we are asked, why are you not willing to arbitrate this question if the case is so clear? In the first place, we may well wait until these preposterous hypotheses are officially adopted by Great Britain before we consider arbitration as in question at all. Secondly, arbitration, unfortunately for the world's peace, has not of late upheld the ideal character with which it was formerly endowed. The result of the Delagoa Bay arbitration has been fitly described as an international scandal. The United States, secure in the possession of her rights, may well wait until they are attacked in good faith by more redoubtable adversaries than colonial Jingoes.

WM. H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, January 27, 1902.

PURCHASABLE FAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen the representative of a Boston firm engaged in the publication of a so-called history of one of our universities. He wished me, as a graduate of the university in question, to furnish a sketch of my life and my photograph for reproduction, which, he represented, would be highly desirable to the completeness of the work. The history is to be edited by two well-known graduates, and a long list assured me that many prominent graduates have already furnished similar biographical material. It soon turned out, however, that I was to be included in the great work only if I subscribed to it in two volumes, at $15 each.

The "scheme" is an old one, often used in the publication of county histories and the like, and it can be "worked" anywhere because the essential human vanity is everywhere present. The large scale on which it can be attempted is shown by the announcement of a history of the "One Hundred and Fifty First Families of the United States," admission to which costs fifteen hundred dollars. But it is humiliating to find that such methods can be applied to one of our great universities.

F. C. P.

ITHACA, N. Y., January 25, 1902.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will shortly begin publication of a new monthly magazine, the *Bibliographer*, edited by Paul Leicester Ford. It will be freely illustrated with photographic facsimiles of rare books, MSS., etc. During July, August, and September the issue will regularly be suspended. The same publishers announce the second volume of Austin Dobson's 'Miscellanies'; a new volume of Essays by Maurice Maeterlinck; the Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant; and 'Paul Kelver,' a tale by Jerome K. Jerome.

Francis P. Harper will publish next month 'The American Fur Trade and the Far West: A History of the Pioneer Trading-Posts and Early Fur Companies of the Missouri Valley and the Rocky Mountains, and of the Overland Commerce with Santa Fé,' by Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden.

Mr. Frank Stockton's new novel, in the press of D. Appleton & Co., is entitled 'Kate Bonnet: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter.'

Ginn & Co. will soon issue 'Analytical Psychology,' by Prof. Lightner Witmer, and 'Northern Europe,' in the *Youth's Companion* series.

'Melomaniacs,' by James Huneker, and Paulsen's 'Immanuel Kant, his Life and Doctrine,' translated by G. E. Creighton and Albert Lefevre, are promised by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dodge Publishing Co., No. 40 West Thirteenth Street, have nearly ready 'Favorite Songs of Love,' and 'For Every Music Lover, or How to Know Music,' by Aubertine Woodward Moore.

It is enough to say of 'Who's Who for 1902' (Macmillan) that it is more inclusive of men and women of the time by 200 pages than last year's issue—the present being the fifty-fourth. As is well known, this most convenient directory no longer confines itself to British or Anglo-Saxon personages, but has a universal outlook. Its main value, however, is still British above all. In the American portion we might have expected to find our two governors of dependencies, Gen. Leonard Wood and Gov. Taft.

Mrs. Ady's 'Sacharissa' has needed less than a decade to pass from its second to a third edition (E. P. Dutton & Co.). No revision has apparently been found necessary, and we shall add nothing to our comments on this work offered in 1894. It is handsomely made, and has four historic portraits, beginning with Dorothy Sidney herself, and ending with Algernon Sidney.

Extremely attractive is the little two-volume edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' bearing George Newnes's London imprint (New York: Scribners). The print is admirably clear, the binding in pliant leather; and Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's full-page pen designs are often ornamental and generally effective.

In the pocket "Temple Classics" of Dent-Macmillan we have now Perrault's 'Tales of Passed Times,' with twelve illustrations by Charles Robinson, one in color. The series has been eked out from the Prince de Beaumont and from Mme. d'Aulnoy.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's 'In His Name' has been translated into French by Mary Prince Sauveur, with the author's sanction (New York: William R. Jenkins), and is offered as a text-book for schools.

Sir Richard Burton might well have prayed to be delivered from his friends. The process of publishing the rakings of his desk-drawers goes merrily on; it is called showing respect to his memory, and bringing home to his countrymen what they have lost in him. His memory stands fast, and will stand fast, and his work was well done when he died. But the "literary executors" continue their antics and refuse to let his ashes rest. If the custom spreads, the eighteenth-century Curll will have found successors, and his new terror added to death will be revived. This last instalment, 'Wanderings in Three Continents,' edited by W. H. Wilkins (Dodd, Mead & Co.), consists of some eight lectures and essays, descriptive, in a more or less popu-

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lar fashion, of his principal expeditions, which were read before different geographical and scientific societies. They contain nothing which is not more fully and picturesquely given in his previously published books.

The latest of the Yale Bicentennial publications consists of a series of critical and historical essays by members of the Theological Faculty, originally read before the Semitic and Biblical Club ('Biblical and Semitic Studies,' Charles Scribner's Sons). These are average club papers. Among them is a radical article by Professor Curtis on the nature and origin of the tribes of Israel; others are on the growth and development of Israelitish law, oral and written, by Professors Kent and Sanders; on the Old Testament conception of sin as interpreted and developed in Rabbinic literature, by Professor Porter; on the transfiguration, with a good statement of different theories as to it, by Dr. Moulton; on the argument of Stephen's speech in Acts, by Professor Bacon. To these is added, somewhat incongruously, a translation by Professor Torrey of part of the 'Futuh Misr' of Ibn Abd al-Hakam, narrating the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt and North Africa. All of these papers do credit to Yale University, but no one stands out as a peculiarly significant contribution to its subject. It is to be hoped that Professor Torrey is preparing for publication a complete translation of Ibn Abd al-Hakam.

'Old Times in Dixie Land,' by Mrs. Caroline E. Merrick (New York: The Grafton Press), is a discursive account of life in the Southern Confederacy during the war time, by a woman who was to the manor born, and who knew the alternations of prosperity and poverty which constituted the unwritten tragedy of Southern life in those revolutionary days. The story is of varied interest and value. There are many pathetic scenes, and some personalities of original humor in its pages; and there are also frequent excursions into fields of family experience, and moralizings, which are of more concern to personal friends than to the reading public.

"The New Mexico" is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January by Mr. John W. Foster, who has just been the guest of the nation. He contrasts the condition of isolation, bankruptcy, and social disorder which prevailed in 1873, when he first went there as United States Minister, with its great prosperity in nearly every respect under the wise and beneficent rule of President Diaz. Its railroad development, the improvement of its ports, the great canal by which the valley of Mexico is drained, the finances, foreign relations, and commerce are particularly dwelt upon. Mr. Foster touches only lightly upon a most important part of his subject, the increasing absorption by citizens of this country of the various manufactures and mining industries, and of large tracts of the most fertile land. Nor does he refer to the growth of an anti-foreign sentiment, which other recent visitors have noticed, and which they hold to be ominous of the future. A number of interesting illustrations accompany the article. We remark also a "Progress Map of Signal-Corps Telegraph Lines and Cables" in the Philippines, on which is every town or hamlet known by the Jesuits or reported to the War Department. No better proof of the activity of the officials of the Signal Office is needed than the fact that, in three years, 7,000 miles of wire has been strung in the islands, penetrating into nearly all corners of the archipelago.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with an account of the Uganda protectorate, by Sir Harry Johnston, in which there is much information as to the scattered native races, their origin and language. Among some of these occur curiously varied human types, as, for instance, in the same cluster of Andorobo there will be "hideous little black prognathous dwarfs side by side with handsome youths of almost European features." Sir Harry dwells on the great beauty of part of the land, and especially of the mountain lake Hannington, the haunt of innumerable flamingoes. "Seen from above, they look like a belt which on its outer side is gray-white, then becomes white in the middle, and possesses an inner ring of the most exquisite rose tint. The reason for this is that all the birds on the outer edge of the semicircle are the young in their immature plumage, those in the middle of the belt are full-grown birds that have not acquired the full beauty of the adult, while along the inner edge are old birds in the full beauty of a plumage which ranges from pale blush-pink to scarlet crimson." In his description of the exploration of the Ruwenzori range of snow-mountains, there is a useful summary of the vegetation, in which are some remarkable features, as lobelias twenty feet and more in height, and mosses eighteen inches thick on tree trunks at a height of 12,000 feet. The Rev. Dr. Zwemer tells of three journeys in northern Oman in Arabia, in which he refers to the great civilizing influence of British trade on the fanatical inhabitants of the so-called Pirate Coast. With but a single companion he traversed the coast and crossed the peninsula, being received everywhere with genial hospitality. Col. G. E. Church gives a summary of an exploration of the upper Paraguay, made by order of the Bolivian Government to determine whether it offers a navigable route to the Atlantic. There seems little doubt that steamers drawing three feet of water can ascend the river at all seasons to the Bolivian frontier. The easiest and most direct route, however, is by the Amazon, which Col. Church thinks will eventually take to foreign markets the wonderful natural wealth of the heart of South America. Among the numerous illustrations of this number are some cinematograph pictures of the Severn bore, taken by Dr. Vaughan Cornish.

An interesting discovery is announced by Prof. F. R. von Wieser, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number 12, of a copy of Martin Waldseemüller's world-chart of 1507 in which the name America is first given to the Western Hemisphere, together with a copy of his Carta Marina of 1517, in a private library in Wirtemberg. After describing the charts, of which he is about to publish facsimiles, Prof. von Wieser laments that Waldseemüller's true claim to fame, "the extraordinarily widespread and permanent influence of his chart of 1507 upon the development of the true conception of the world's form," should have been so completely overshadowed by this mere name-giving. Other articles are upon the question, Is Lake Tanganyika a "relict sea"? upon Baratta's earthquake map of Italy, and an inquiry as to the distance at which land is visible at sea.

A large convention of the directors of the so-called "Reform" gymnasiums, also termed the "Frankfort and Altona" system, held in Cassel, was a revelation of the strength of this movement in the German educational world. The leading characteristic of these schools is their "lateinloser Unterbau," and also the innovation that fewer studies are taken in a single year, and these finished if possible. Eighty-four representatives of these institutions were present, of which there are now thirty-seven scattered over Germany, new ones being established every year. The new scheme has been able to compel recognition on all hands. At the Strassburg National Philological Convention, the Rector of the pioneer institution of this kind (that at Frankfort) made an excellent impression by his dispassionate presentation of the "Reform" principles. At the Cassel meeting the Government was for the first time officially represented. The movement has evidently become a fixed fact in secondary-school discipline in Germany.

Modesty almost restrains us from mentioning an article in the London *Publishers' Circular* of January 11, very flattering to the *Nation* as a journal of the class to which it belongs. The praise, however, both precedes and follows a reproach of "anti-English bias" on the political side, seemingly not without some reference to our indisposition to approve of the war in South Africa. This bias, moreover, is detected in our recent review (No. 1904) of Miss Meakin's 'Ribbon of Iron'—an account of the Siberian Railway—in which we alleged aggression on the part of the Chinese in the outbreak at Blagovestchensk on July 14, 1900, for which they suffered so terribly at the hands of the frenzied Russians. But the editor of the *Publishers' Circular* might have read a similar statement in the letter of our special correspondent, Prof. G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin, published in the *Nation* of September 27, 1900, who came upon the scene when the Amur was still "fairly black" with Chinese bodies. He did not justify the slaughter committed by the Russians, but he described the peaceful and harmonious relations existing between the Cossacks and the Chinese up to the moment when the Chinese fort at Aygun "began, without warning, to fire upon passing steamboats," and presently on Blagovestchensk itself; and contended that every appearance argued against Russian intention to disturb those relations.

—Following his series of portraits of women, Mr. Hart begins in the February *Century* a presentation of Stuart's portraits of men. He has chosen for a beginning the portrait of Washington painted by Stuart in Philadelphia, 1795, for William Bingham, Senator from Pennsylvania from 1795 to 1801. Although Stuart made some half-dozen copies from it, Mr. Hart points out that these each show some intentional variation, leaving the original a distinct type, as compared with the commonly known "Stuart Washington." In the paper following Mr. Hart's, and describing a visit to Mount Vernon by the Polish poet Niemcewicz, it is interesting to find the Pole recording in his diary a conversation with Mrs. Washington

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on "the small likeness that there is between the General and his portraits." Mr. Daniel H. Burnham of the Commission for the Improvement of Washington city introduces briefly a series of papers on the past and prospective improvements of the capital, giving high credit to the Columbian Exposition for teaching the country the great truth of the need of a comprehensive design and plan for the improvement of cities in their entirety. The first paper is by Charles Moore, clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, and its most promising feature is its evidence of the growing tendency of officials in power to do nothing involving the improvement of the city, except on consultation with the commission of experts authorized a year ago, consisting of Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmsted, jr. The tendency to civic improvements elsewhere is represented by papers on the recent alterations in the Chicago River and on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York. The first subject is treated from the standpoint of utility rather than beauty, but the necessary results of Chicago's new drainage system have removed such a mass of positive ugliness that the contrast may almost deceive one into regarding the present condition as one of positive beauty.

—While the *Century* gives particular attention to the contemplated improvements in the Federal capital, Francis E. Leupp contributes to *Scribner's* a glowing tribute to the picturesque character of the city as it is. He has not only thoroughly "covered the ground," but has even witnessed a Washington sunrise from the summit of the Monument, and his paper is certainly convincing as to the wealth of fragmentary beauty which the new Park Commission is to weld into a harmonious whole. William Jarvis gives a brief account of the young sculptor Paul Troubetzkoy, whose work has attracted much attention during the past decade. The question as to what nation deserves the credit of his work is of considerable interest. He was born at Intra, Lago Maggiore, of a Russian father and an American mother, and is claimed by the Italians, though he has no Italian blood and his characteristics as an artist do not link him with any Italian sculptor. Still further in the line of art, Russell Sturgis gives a brief description of the collection of etchings, lithographs, photographs of paintings and drawings, and miscellaneous prints recently presented to the New York Public Library by Samuel Putnam Avery—in all, 17,775 separate prints, and about 500 books. Important papers of immediate public interest are Mr. Vanderlip's second article on our "Commercial Invasion" of Europe, and a twenty-five-page article on the proposed Isthmian Ship-Canal, profusely illustrated, by William H. Burr of the Canal Commission.

—Though there may be differences of opinion among economists and historians as to the value of a particular interpretation of history, both agree that economic activities play an exceedingly important part in shaping national policy. The most significant example in recent years of how an economic change can affect great national interests is to be found in the development of synthetic indigo. In *Science* (January 3) is to be found an account of a paper read by Arthur C. Green before the Chemical Section of the British Association, at the Glasgow meeting, last summer. Mr. Green gives an accurate account of the present status of the coal-tar industry, and incidentally of the whole chemical industry, which is of interest to us in view of the new trade relations of Germany and the United States. Artificial indigo first saw the light of day as far back as 1870, though the synthesis was really completed only in 1878. For a score of years synthetic indigo was simply a laboratory curiosity; but in 1898, the Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik brought it on the market, and it was a commercial fact. To-day, Germany has control of the English color industry, is no longer dependent upon England for raw material, and threatens the natural indigo industry, whose destruction would mean a loss to India of nearly $15,000,000 annually. The Baden company alone can produce enough artificial indigo to supply the world's consumption.

—The Indian planters have only begun to bestir themselves. Against the prevailing low prices the only suggestion had been to increase the output; but now they are talking of encouragement to scientific research, and appealing to the Government of Bengal for aid. Some have gone so far as to suggest "Americanizing" the industry by combining the interests in Behar and even in the whole of India. But the army of research chemists engaged in the splendid laboratories of the European coal-tar color factories have a great start on the one or two chemists studying the means of improving the cultivation and manufacture of natural indigo. While scientific methods may be applied to the cultivation and extraction of the indigo-plant, the ever-delicate financial relations of the great dependency and the United Kingdom will be subjected to an additional strain. Mr. Green is convinced that a scientific revival is wanted in England, and that the gloomy condition of the color industry is due to the short-sightedness, ignorance, and want of enterprise of the English manufacturer. The control of the industry has passed into the hands of men who have no knowledge and absolutely no appreciation of the science upon which their business rests, and, concerned only with getting the ultimate amount of present profit, have discouraged all scientific investigations as waste of time and money. Speaking of the establishment of technical schools, Mr. Green is not very confident of their effectiveness "until the public can be completely disabused of the fallacy that a year or two of technical training pumped into an ignorant schoolboy will produce a better works-chemist than a university course of scientific study laid upon the foundation of a good general education."

—'Menelik et Nous,' by Hugues Le Roux (Paris: Lamm), was written at the request of the Negus, who invited the French author to visit Addis-Ababa, and to prepare a volume on Abyssinia after a journey from one end of it to the other accompanied by a small troop of Abyssinians selected from the Emperor's best soldiers to act as guides and escort. Le Roux relates his experiences as political envoy, his observations as an explorer and discoverer of new regions from a geographical and commercial standpoint, his experiences as a hunter; and his sensations as a *romancier*. The book is illustrated from photographs taken by himself on the journey. It is divided into five parts: "The Cross-roads of Aden," "The Route to Addis-Ababa," "Guest of the Emperor," "Toward the Blue Nile," "France and Abyssinia." It describes various audiences, both public and private, with Menelik, gives accounts of life and customs among all classes in Abyssinia, and reports the expedition to a hitherto unexplored part of the Blue Nile, whose course Mr. Le Roux was able to determine definitely. The fifty-two days of caravan were enlivened by elephant hunts, the pursuit of lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, and a brusque encounter with the most savage negroes of Africa. As M. Le Roux was given permission by Menelik to visit the gold mines and placers of the west, his caravan was joined on its way by gold-seekers. Two of these were seized and cut to pieces by the Shankallas, whose chiefs the French explorer led in captivity to the Emperor. The book contains a definite statement of the mining and agricultural resources of Abyssinia, and it closes with these words concerning the future: "It is no prophecy that I place at the end of this volume, but a logical conclusion drawn from facts I have myself observed. Before a railroad is completed from Cairo to the Cape—a highway of ambition and conquest across Africa—there will be a great commercial route offered to the kindly activity of all. From the cross-roads of the Red Sea, its triumphal course will have been opened by Menelik and us."

—In view of the recent death of the Amir of Afghanistan and the political situation which has now developed, the republication of Dr. J. A. Gray's 'At the Court of the Amir: A Narrative' (Macmillan Co.) is certainly timely. Dr. Gray was surgeon to the Amir for some years, and gives in his book a very vivid account of his experiences and impressions at the Afghan court. In it he has used the letters which he had written home, and has made, apparently, little change in them or addition to them. As a consequence, his book has the liveliness of epistolary first-hand, snapshot effects, but has also many trivialities and some most exasperating lacunas. It is evident that Dr. Gray made no systematic attempt to study and understand the Afghans or to enter into their life. He was always dependent upon an interpreter, and to that his troubles, which were many, seem to have been almost entirely due. He was also of a phenomenal uncuriousness when he met anything that he did not at once understand: "I don't know why," occurs again and again. Yet, with all that, the picture which he gives us is of an insistent truthfulness. If he was not a trained Orientalist and could never possibly have become one, he was a trained physician, and saw everything with the precise physician's eye. He had, too, a liking for the registering of little details, and these are so accurate that it is possible for the student of the East to reconstruct from them matters of which Dr. Gray himself, in all probability, never dreamed. On himself and the happenings of his life he lavishes a minuteness and liking which have the true Boswellian charm. The humors of the mediciner-at-large *in partibus infidelium*

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were always present with him; he enjoyed them to the full, and his reader cannot help enjoying them with him. The gusto with which he describes makeshift operations and terrific doses is irrepressible. He is evidently a man of great resource and a skilled and experienced physician, and so can afford to tell tales of his own mishaps and failures. His book is entertaining in the highest degree and more than entertaining; but the pity is that he could never bring himself to learn Persian, and so shake free of the whole rabble of interpreters, backbiters, and spies. If he had, the Amir might have been alive to-day, and the Central Asian crisis further in the future.

—Tadamasa Hayashi was the Commissary-General for the Empire of Japan at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He is not to be confounded with the Baron Tadasu Hayashi, who is Minister from Japan to Great Britain; nor yet with Toshio Hayashi, also residing in London. He was the founder of a Paris importing house which, in the hands of his successors, has done much to acquaint Europe with the higher and less-known arts of ancient Japan; but it is some years since he has been actively engaged in that commercial enterprise. It served him, however, to form a great collection of Japanese art treasures; and it was under his direction that was prepared a great folio dealing less with what was shown within the Japanese enclosures of the Exhibition than with the whole field of Japanese cultivation and Japanese thought, as embodied in their plastic and graphic arts. It is, of course, in this book alone that any Oriental or non-European nation has spoken its mind as to its own fine art in any such way that the West could understand it. Here, in decent French, is set forth the view which able and highly instructed Japanese take of their national arts for a period of 1,200 years or more. Its pages are thickly sown with text illustrations, and there are, in addition, about eighty full-page plates, some containing two and some a greater number of separate pieces of fine art. A note to the reader is signed by Mr. Hayashi; and the preface, signed by the Director-General of the Imperial Museums of Japan, Baron Riyuitci Kuki, announces that a man known to European students of the East, Kakuzo Okakura, first planned the work, and that he, abandoning it, turned it over to others, whose names are given in detail; also, that the translation into French has been done by Emmanuel Tranquois. This is a book of permanent rank, a book of reference to which we shall go as to the foundations of anything to be written hereafter on Oriental art. It will be interesting, as time is afforded, to compare the statements of this work with the disagreements among Western writers as to the epoch and as to the relative importance of this and that branch of Japanese fine art.

—In addition to the above-named book, now a year old, we will mention a first volume or first part of an illustrated catalogue describing the collection of Tadamasa Hayashi's collection, which it appears that he is going to sell (or at least the part of it represented by this volume) at auction, in Paris, at the close of the present month. Its nature is, of course, that of a full and very intelligent sale-catalogue, with minute descriptions of the pieces exhibited, and, so far, it would have but a limited interest to those who have not the pieces before them. It contains, however, a large number of photographic plates, representing so many pieces of Japanese art, and of so many different kinds, that these, taken with the full descriptions of the text, easy to find and to compare, will serve as a handbook for the beginner and as a check to the opinions and the conclusions of the more advanced student. Another volume covering the collection of illustrated books is announced, but no date is set for its appearance, nor for the sale of those objects.

FURNESS'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakspere. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XIII. Twelfth Night. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

The thirteenth volume of Dr. Furness's great Variorum lies before us, and a delightful book it is. "Twelfth Night," to be sure, is "good enough without notes," but notes are necessary evils, and the history of Shaksperian annotation has almost become a specialty by itself. Variorums we must have, and Shakspere grammars and lexicons, and treatises on "metric"; nor are we ready to join the cry of those who jeer at commentators. The dullest of them may stumble upon an idea, and there is still much in these dramas which resists explanation. When the whole body of pertinent and impertinent scholia is collected and sifted and set forth by a scholar of Dr. Furness's learning and accomplishments, it might seem only becoming to accept the gift in reverential gratitude, acknowledge it courteously, and say no more. But every fresh volume of this series tempts to extended comment. The mere toil of the editor, prodigious as it is, is the smallest part of the wonder. The skill with which he arranges his unwieldy material seems to increase with every year, and—more admirable still—his spirits never flag. The present volume is not merely a record of what his predecessors have done, or failed to do; it is full of original contributions, varying in their value with the circumstances, but joyous to read, and instinct with the keenest appreciation of Shakspere. Clearly it has been a constant delight to Dr. Furness to edit "Twelfth Night," and he permits his readers to share his pleasure. We are in the presence of an uncommon phenomenon—a Variorum that exhilarates.

Dr. Furness is resolutely consistent in his gentle scorn for those who care to determine the dates of Shakspere's plays. All or most of his prefaces give utterance to this feeling. "We who have free souls," he says, "and, *as far as the plays themselves are concerned*, care as little for the hour when Shakspere wrote them as for the quality of his ink. . . ." This is going pretty far. But, after all, the words that we have italicized imply a virtual abandonment of the extreme position. "As far as the plays themselves are concerned," quotha? Let it read "as far as the individual play," and one may give (craftily qualified) assent. We have all been worried by those Shaksperian chronologists who insist on times and seasons to the exclusion of everything else—who will not suffer us to read "Hamlet" or "Henry IV." without obtruding upon us a cumbrous machinery of groups and periods. Yet surely it is also admissible to contemplate the dramas as a kind of whole—as the *work* of Shakspere no less than as his *works;* and for such study the consideration of dates is indispensable. Dr. Furness apologizes for the repetition necessitated by his plan of making each volume complete in itself. It is not to be avoided, for the most part, but no one would object to his omitting, in subsequent volumes, this particular bit of personal opinion. There is good sound doctrine in Romans xiv. 3, and it is not limited to sacrificial scruples.

The text of "Twelfth Night" is unusually free from corruption. So accurate is it, indeed, that Dr. Furness, discharged from the duty of registering countless quarto variants, draws a long breath, and expresses his satisfaction at the absence of all authorities save the First Folio. On another occasion we have adverted to the increasing conservatism, in this matter of text, that has marked successive volumes of the 'New Variorum.' In "Othello," published in 1886, Dr. Furness abandoned his plan of constituting a text, and reprinted the Folio letter for letter, eloquently justifying his procedure in his preface. Since the *apparatus criticus* is always before the reader's eye, and since the editor expresses his own opinion whenever a doubtful reading occurs, no objection can be urged to his method, and it has obvious advantages for such an edition. Occasionally, however, Dr. Furness carries his respect for the venerable too far, and defends a manifest error. In the present volume—though there is still a prefatory fling at the quartos, delicately put, but showing that he regards them as vicious intromitters—we detect a slightly lessened regard for the Folio, in healthy reaction from a too exclusive reverence. The druidic mist that enshrouds the "true original copies" of Heminge and Condell's title-page covers a multitude of their sins. Folio-worship is a form of religion that is not quite free from superstitious taint. Among the Baconians, indeed, it has grown to be a kind of melancholy madness.

The care which Dr. Furness has bestowed on the text, despite the fact that he has chosen to reprint the Folio, is shown in a thousand places. A striking example is his commendation of Capell's "excellent comma" (p. 168)—excellent indeed, and too seldom heeded; Dr. Furness is the first editor to do justice to Capell. He even suggests emendations himself. A tempting one is the transference of a speech (p. 171) from Sir Toby to Sir Andrew, whose "weak treble" one seems to recognize—"and yet we know not." On the other hand, a subtle but inconclusive defence of the Folio may be seen at p. 186, where it is a question between *and* and *not*. Another instance of excessive faith in the Folio is the defence of "with adorations, fertile tears" as a complete verse, with an appeal to the overworked doctrine of the "pause that makes up to the ear for the loss of a metric foot." Whatever may be said of this doctrine in the main, the present passage, with its lyrical richness, is no place for its application. Pope's emendation *"with* fertile tears" is not only a metrical necessity; it is stylistically inevitable, and will keep its place in defiance of even Dr. Furness's persuasive note. On the other hand, Theo-

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bald's unnecessary (though not improbable) emendation of *out* for *on't* (p. 232) is approved as something "demanded." It is hard indeed to hold the balance in such cases. Be it remembered, however, that in general Dr. Furness has an uncommonly steady hand.

Some of the editor's remarks are extremely subtle. "Unless the master were the man" (p. 92) gives occasion to one of these, which is so pretty that we dismiss it with great reluctance in favor of the more obvious interpretation. A felicitous gloss, and certainly correct, is that on "gives a very echo to the seat where love is thron'd" (p. 138). *Per contra*, the point of Sir Andrew's "Jezebel," applied to Malvolio, is lost (p. 161). For *reader*, in the last line of the notes but one, read *writer*. This is not a misprint, but an injustice; let it be rectified, if the heavens fall or the plates have to be cut. Now and then, Dr. Furness's humor will puzzle foreigners, who may take it in dead earnest—as where he says that "*firago* seems far more expressive than the tame *virago;* there is in it a suggestion of *fire, fury, fiend, ferocious*, all combined" (p. 240).

It is impossible to criticise the work in detail, nor is such criticism required. A few matters in which we disagree with the editor, or in which we detect slight omissions, may now be specified. Most of them are trifles, and, were they all important, they would count for nothing in comparison with the excellence of the whole. Sir Toby's song, "O the twelfe day of December," is still left unidentified. Is it not, in all probability, the historical ballad of "Musselburgh Field," preserved in the Percy MS., and beginning—

"On the tenth day of December,
And the fourth yeere of King Edwards raigne"?

In the note on *ay-word* and *nay-word* (p. 129) we miss a reference to Dr. C. P. G. Scott's admirable monograph. The miss is more seriously felt in the case of *cockney* (p. 251). Grey's note (p. 152) which restricts to poisoners the punishment of boiling to death, is quoted with approval, but it is incomplete; there is much lore on the subject collected by Robertson in his 'Materials for the History of Thomas Becket.' On "Jolly Robin" (p. 266) a quotation from Chaucer's "Troilus" would have been in order, and a reference to Professor Flügel's 'Neuenglisches Lesebuch' would have cleared up the subject still farther. It is not quite certain that *jig* is from *giga*, "a sort of fiddle" (p. 51). "*But* . . . in its original meaning, namely, *out-take*, or *except*" (p. 77) seems to imply a misapprehension of the history of the word, but the reference to Abbott's 'Shakespearean Grammar' mends matters. How *a*, for *he*, could be "reduced to a mere aspirate" is not quite obvious (p. 77). The suggestion that to "our American minds" a squash "can be only a large melon" will certainly disturb Dr. Furness's agricultural readers. Boys who steal squashes thinking them melons are immemorial objects of rural wit. Is "a *dry* jest" a "stupid" one (p. 42)? Hardly; any more than "a dry blow" is a dull stroke. At p. 62 a reference would have been in place: "Montaigne has two stories" is pretty vague. We venture to doubt the supposed pun on collars and colors (p. 61), though asserted with "of course" by no less an authority than Dr. Aldis Wright and backed with a reference by Dr. Furness. One wonders to see the editor objecting tautology to the usual and inevitable explanation of "Good my mouse of virtue" (p. 68)—as if idiom and humor shuddered at tautology (a word to conjure with!). Dr. Furness's perception of Shakspere's humor is extremely delicate, but here it seems to be at fault. One passage, which Dr. Furness calls "dark," is not hard: "Words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them." In the old days, a man's *word* was as good as his bond—or, rather, a *word* was sufficient, and hence *bonds* were never heard of. The introduction of *bonds*, then, was a plain discrediting of *words*. It is odd that Dr. Furness should have missed this; the notes that he prints are truly, as he himself declares, far from illuminating, and his own suggestion will hardly meet with acceptance.

But enough of this. It is small business and may seem ungracious. We yield to none in our admiration for Dr. Furness's achievement. Our "excepts before excepted" must be taken merely as a proof of the interest with which we have read the volume. May there soon be another!

SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1775-1780. By Edward McCrady. Macmillan. 1901. Pp. xxxiii, 899.

The third volume of Mr. McCrady's elaborate history, our notice of which has been far too long delayed, is chiefly remarkable, aside from its detailed account of military operations, for its exposition of the attitude of South Carolina towards the mother country during the Revolution, and of the slow and reluctant growth of the idea of independence. To the majority of South Carolinians, vigorous resistance to the course of Great Britain not only did not mean political separation, but did not for a long time preclude the possibility of reconciliation. The "Association" organized by the Provincial Congress in June, 1775, became practically a revolutionary Government, and, through a system of committees with indefinite powers, began an aggressive enforcement of the agreement. The address of the Congress to the new Governor, Lord William Campbell, a few days later, declared the desire of the people for reconciliation, though preparations for military defence continued, and consignments of powder were seized. But the power of the general committee to punish non-subscribers to the Association "according to sound policy" was soon arbitrarily exercised, with the result of replacing the despotism of King and Parliament by the despotism of a self-appointed committee, representing but a small fraction of the people of the province, with no support in the interior, and with the opposition of many of the most prominent and influential men of Charleston and the low country.

The Council itself was divided into moderates and extremists, the one hopeful of reconciliation, the other bent upon war. The Germans in the interior, with little knowledge of the merits or facts of the dispute with England, living a freer life than they had ever enjoyed before, and, having no use for either stamps or tea, were not disposed to join the Revolutionary party; and the same sentiment obtained among the Scotch Presbyterians. The merchants and planters in Charleston were as a rule opposed to war. But although the grievances of South Carolina were different in character from those of Massachusetts, and different, also, in onerousness, the radical leaders, like Drayton, Middleton, and Gadsden, pushed with vigor and address the advantage already gained, took possession of the political machinery, and did their utmost to force the colony into war. In September the Governor, whose prompt action at the beginning might have defeated the movement, withdrew to a sloop-of-war in the harbor, provincial troops took possession of Fort Johnson, and Charleston was fortified. How far the movement was from representing any majority of opinion was shown by the numerous acts of violence perpetrated by the Revolutionary party, and the narrow majorities by which its measures were passed. A military demonstration in the back-country brought on, in November, the first bloodshed, and the opposition in that section was ruthlessly put down.

The same general feeling of regard for England which denied popular support to these proceedings, made the idea of independence also of slow growth. When Gadsden declared for it, in February, 1776, the declaration came, as Drayton expressed it later, like an explosion of thunder to the members of the Provincial Congress who heard it, and called forth a warm reproof from John Rutledge, who asserted his willingness "to ride post by day and night to Philadelphia, to assist in reuniting Great Britain and America" (p. 109). Even the resolution for the establishment of an independent government was carried by a House in which less than two-fifths of the members, apparently, were present, while the fact that the proposed government did not represent the whole province, but only the low country, made its influence divisive. The choice of John Rutledge for President—as the official who replaced the old Governor was now to be called—was most fortunate, his natural conservatism and firm stand against separation from England enabling him to act as a bulwark for the people against the precipitate conduct of the radical leaders. A little later, Chief Justice Drayton, in his charge to the grand jury at Charleston, followed Gadsden's example, and declared for independence, but neither his indictment of Great Britain nor his argument in support of it was such as to appeal strongly to the people of South Carolina. In his bill of grievances, as Mr. McCrady says:

"There was nothing which particularly affected their colony but the general charge that Parliament claimed the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. And in regard to this, no one in South Carolina, not even Gadsden, had ever denied its right to bind them, except in the matter of taxation. . . . Then, in the matter of taxation, it was open to the friends of the royal Government to refer the Chief Justice to his own *Letters of Freemen*, in 1769, in which he had strenuously maintained this right of Parliament in that particular. . . . It is singular, too, that, in justifying the great step, the Chief Justice does not allude to the real grievances of this colony. He does not point out how the native colonists had been superseded and set aside by the officials of the Board of Trade for the placemen who hung around the throne for recognition and reward for questionable service rendered. He does not point out to the people of the Up Country

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that it was the wilful neglect and corrupt conduct of that Board in England which had deprived them of courts for the punishment of crime and the maintenance of justice. . . . In the stead of all this, he appeals to them to declare themselves independent of England because New England's fishing trade had been interfered with, and because the Legislature of New York had been suspended, the charter of Massachusetts altered, and the Roman Catholic religion recognized in Quebec. But what had the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who, with the Bible containing their own version of the Psalms, were enjoying the liberty of conscience in the country they were wresting from the Indians, to do with all that? Were they, for the sake of the New England fishermen and the Canadian Protestants, to go into a war and expose themselves to the inroads of the Indians, and to set up a government on the coast which was not yet prepared to abandon the Church of England as a church of State? . . . The Chief Justice had nothing to say to the people of the Up Country, explaining why they should fight for representation in the Parliament in England at the bidding of a body in which they had had no representation at home" (pp. 119-122).

With South Carolina, as with the country at large, it was the logic of events rather than of argument that urged the colonies to independence. Yet even here the reluctance of South Carolina was strikingly exhibited. The representatives of the State in Congress signed the Declaration "with grave misgivings" (p. 175). Not until July 9 did they write to President Rutledge, and even then they referred to the matter only incidentally. Their reluctance but reflected the hesitation and uncertainty at home, where country but were divided on the question. The same reluctance to admit independence as final, while still resisting the coercive policy of the Crown, was strong in 1778, when the terms offered by the peace commissioners would, Mr. McCrady thinks, have been gladly accepted by a majority of the people of the State.

Upon the rejection by Congress of the offer of conciliation, and the departure of the commissioners in November, 1778, the British moved upon the South. The flourishing trade of South Carolina and Georgia favored by the interval of peace, the active commerce with France and consequent opposition to the French alliance, the importance of Charleston as "the storehouse of merchandise and the retreat of privateers," combined to make these States an inviting object of attack, while the remoteness of the region from the previous centre of hostilities, and in particular the defenceless condition of Georgia, promised an easy victory. The military operations that followed are traced by Mr. McCrady in great detail and with not a little adverse criticism. He points out that, from the beginning of the war, the prevailing military theory had intrusted the defence of the country to a regular army, notwithstanding that a regular army was one of the institutions which the colonies generally feared; and the consequent neglect of the militia left without defence any section in which a sufficient force of Continental troops could not be maintained. Moreover, although the regular army was open to all who would probably have served in the militia—a point to which we think Mr. McCrady does not give sufficient weight—the service soon deteriorated, and the ranks came to be mainly filled, not with patriots such as those who fought at Bunker Hill, but with hired soldiers who fought for pay, and who often served as readily under British as under American commanders. Mr. McCrady has no condemnation for Washington; but he points out that when, in May, 1779, Washington declared to Gouverneur Morris his inability to respond to calls for help from "particular States" without sacrificing "the most obvious principles of military prosperity," South Carolina was left to take care of itself; and it did in fact meet the British attack mainly with its own forces.

The conspicuous fact about the British operations in South Carolina was their success. The sentiment of Charleston was shown during the first siege, when it sought neutrality for the remainder of the war. The capture of the town was shortly followed by the submission of virtually the entire State. In June, 1780, "there was not a Continental officer or soldier in the field." Clinton wrote to Lord George Germain, "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us" (p. 533). The revolutionary party was broken up, and only John Rutledge remained, clothed with full powers to keep alive, if only in his own person, the State Government. "There can be little doubt," says Mr. McCrady, "that at this time wise rulers might, with care and moderation, have reëstablished the royal authority," and reconciled South Carolina to the Crown (p. 535).

The widespread belief "that in order to secure the independence of the others Congress had determined to sacrifice the Southern States," was a further powerful inducement to submission. Mr. McCrady seems to be convinced that the belief was well founded, and that the resolution of Congress denouncing the report as "insidious and utterly void of foundation" was a case of protesting too much; and he further adduces the testimony of Luzerne and Duane. The time was unquestionably a critical one, but the conduct of Clinton, Cornwallis, and Lord Rawdon proved ultimately to be the salvation of the Union so far as the South was concerned. When Clinton, in June, 1780, issued his proclamation, restoring to all the rights and duties of citizens and inhabitants such of the people of the province as were prisoners on parole, but declaring that all such persons "who should afterward neglect to return to their allegiance and a due submission to his Majesty's Government should be considered as enemies and rebels to the same, and be treated accordingly" (p. 554), he fixed the turning-point in the contest. The cruelties of Tarleton and the outrageous conduct of the British troops were not easily to be forgotten, while the attack upon the Scotch-Irish, who heretofore had taken no active part in the war, "converted the neutrals in the State into . . . implacable enemies." And, with the war spirit no longer confined to a class, but animating the whole people, the "heroic period," as Mr. McCrady calls it, began.

We have no space to follow Mr. McCrady through the four hundred pages in which he traces, with minute detail, the first months of the partisan warfare that ensued. No other writer has examined this phase of the Revolution with such painstaking care, or shown so clearly the place in the struggle of the new leaders who come upon the field. The narrative ends with 1780, the remaining years of the Revolutionary period being reserved for a fourth volume. The emphasis which is put in the present volume on the services of Marion, Sumter, and the other popular military leaders, and the intimation in the closing paragraph that the treatment of Greene's career will not be entirely in the spirit of eulogy, makes us hope that the remainder of the story which Mr. McCrady is telling with such spirit and success may soon be made public.

THE MUSICAL BASIS OF VERSE.

The Musical Basis of Verse. By J. P. Dabney. Longmans, Green & Co.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading; we expect to read a succinct monograph on those features of music which underlie the structure of verse, whereas we find a discursive treatise upon poetry in general. A great deal indeed is said about music, but it is rather the enthusiastic assertion of the author's belief in its basic relation to verse than any cogent proof that such an affinity exists. Still less is anywhere definitely expounded the nature and extent of the relationship between the two kindred arts.

Hitherto no satisfactory book on poetics has appeared in English. They have variously exhibited grave defects—imperfect grasp of the subject, incomplete analysis, disregard of previous investigations, hasty composition, unsystematic presentation, or, worst of all, a false and pretentious affectation of system. These most recently published have generally labored under the incubus of a preconceived idea, and have striven to wrench from the facts a confirmation of a beloved hypothesis rather than to build up a theory out of usages of verse writers. Most have altogether exaggerated the importance of musical knowledge as an aid in explaining the difficulties of English versification. Many have wasted much space and effort in a tedious application of the historical method where it is not at all needed.

This fresh attempt we took up with much interest, but do not find it in any respect an improvement upon its forerunners. Each and all of the faults of its predecessors might be found in it by meticulous criticism, such as we do not propose; and other grave defects are manifest to the most cursory perusal. The bulk of the book is made up of examples culled from the poets, and of passages quoted from the critics; an astonishingly small proportion of the matter is in the author's own words. This in itself is not necessarily a weakness; but, in the excerpts as well as in her own utterances, the author seems often if not usually to mistake assertion for argument, and asseveration for demonstration. See, for instance, the footnote on page 81, and the second paragraph of page 52. In the footnote we are told "I have shown": on page 52 we find the merest implication, not even a clear statement. The same matter is referred to on page 77, but with the airiest assumption in place of proof. What the author wishes regarded as true, is accepted unhesitatingly; and what does not appeal to her, is cavalierly dismissed.

The first chapter, on the relation between music and verse, extends to fifteen pages. It may be summed up in one of its own sentences: "If we glance down the vistas of history and examine the evidences, we shall perceive one fact, that the two

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arts of music and poetry have always waxed and waned together." It hardly needs so much space to set this forth, and it seems quite obvious that all arts together flourish amid fostering circumstances; and languish under unfavorable conditions.

The second chapter offers a system of notation for scanning verse. Some of the characters used in writing music are employed to denote the syllables of poetry. Here, if anywhere in the book, we expect the justification of its title, and do not find it. What we find is almost precisely the system of scansion used by Schmidt in his well-known 'Rhythmik und Metrik,' the English translation of which is readily accessible to any one. The crotchets and quavers which the author uses are clumsier than the familiar long and short marks of the classic scansion—they take up more room; but it is impossible to discover any difference in their meaning, or anything recommending them over the customary characters. It is a pity that each new writer on versification finds it necessary to invent a new system of notation and terminology. It would seem that even a hasty examination of existing works must save a great deal of mental exertion. The author appears to have thought out, individually, a system practically identical with Schmidt's, in the ideas it sets forth, and manifestly inferior to it in the notation used to express them.

Again, in the same chapter, we find a new terminology. The terms "rising" and "falling" as applied to rhythm are fairly well established, and are used by most writers on the subject. What is there to gain by calling the rising measures "strict," the falling measures "with direct attack," and those wavering between the two, or hard to assign to either, "free," as is done on page 47? The tendency to elaborate a new nomenclature and terminology appears very often throughout the book, and seems a source of confusion rather than of clearness. Especially do we fail to perceive what is gained by denoting as "primary rhythm" what Sidney Lanier (in his 'Science of English Verse,' pages 71, 77) calls "secondary rhythm." It would seem that the terms used by an admired pioneer ought to suit an enthusiastic disciple. Considering the matter for ourselves, it appears to us that Lanier's terms are far better than this author's innovation.

The remaining chapters are so unsystematic that no detailed criticism is possible. The author sets out, to all appearance, to weigh and value the metrical structure of a quotation or of a poem. The upshot often is the praise of poor metrification because of the excellent presentation of the subject, or because of beauties in the imagery. Quite often really good lines are condemned because of the defects, not of the verse structure, but of the matter or diction. The word "vibration" is abused throughout the book to a painful degree (see pages 17, 59, 61, 63, 88, 95, 97, 98, 133, 242). Some of the judgments put forth seem risky, to say the least; some very individual, some one-sided. For instance:

"Wordsworth, too, though in a very much less degree, was defective of ear" (p. 53).

"Neither Wordsworth, Coleridge, nor Emerson was a metric artist of a high order" (p. 71).

"We perceive this to be the favorite metre of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and others, which was mentioned on page 70 as being monotonous and without much motion" (p. 151).

Such utterances as these shake one's faith in the author's capacity for the task attempted, and make implicit confidence in the book's conclusions quite impossible.

If we grant for the time being the assumptions upon which rests the system of scansion used by the author, we find that it is applied for the most part consistently, and that the passages it undertakes to analyze are mostly well understood in respect to their movement when considered as verse. The notation, too, expresses the author's ideas fairly well. Some of the excerpts, however, are manifestly miscomprehended, and the system is mercilessly applied as a Procrustean bed to those which, using the author's own nomenclature, begin in a 3-beat rhythm and change to a 2-beat rhythm later. The author denies that this ever occurs, and relentlessly scans uniformly a quotation from "Christabel" (p. 42) and Shakspere's "Come away, come away, death" (p. 45).

Enough of strictures; the book is certainly a failure, but we honor its aim. While no good manual on this subject exists, praise is assuredly due to any one who attempts what is plainly a desideratum. Although we feel that this volume cannot serve as a safe guide for ambitious beginners, striving to learn how to write English verse, cannot make for itself a place as a book of reference for mature students of English poetry; although we believe it may in some cases balk and mislead callow aspirants for the poet's bays, befog and becloud earnest searchers after the verities of English versification, yet we find more good in the book's purpose than evil in its execution. It can neither direct the student nor illuminate the scholar; still, it can hardly fail to stimulate either. In reading it, we feel continually baffled by the shapeless jumble of snap-judgments, unsupported statements, and undeveloped quotations. The constantly recurring criticism of the poetic quality rather than of the versification in the excerpts from the poets is irritating. Yet the book, indirectly rather than directly, stimulates a reader to further thought. The author fails to grasp her subject fully, to express what she grasps, or to set forth the musical basis of verse, is loose and vague to a degree, fails to convince, to comprehend what she feels; but (and here is the saving clause), while there is an astonishing amount of miscomprehension in the book, there is an amazing amount of right feeling. Hardly any one will need this book on oft-sought shelves; almost anybody at all interested in the subject will be the better for one perusal.

The book has a good index.

Hypolympia; or, The Gods in the Island: An Ironic Fantasy. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

Mr. Gosse's 'Hypolympia' is a graceful piece of high-toned foolery. The sources of his inspiration, and the tradition which has been his guidance, are not far to seek. Heine's 'Gods in Exile,' the Dialogues of Leopardi, Dr. Garnett's 'The Twilight of the Gods,' Pater's 'Apollo in Picardy,' are some of the literature of which one is reminded in reading 'Hypolympia.' The likeness, however, is never very close. Mr. Gosse rarely approaches either the satiric pungency or the poetic beauty of his masters. But his work is none the less admirable in its kind; the prose is graceful, the verse melodious, the irony pleasant and timely, and the difficult tone of ironic fantasy well sustained.

The fable is the old one of the wandering of the Olympian deities after the *Götterdämmerung* in the South. The scene is "an island, hitherto inhabited by Lutherans, in a remote but temperate province of Northern Europe." The time is early in the twentieth century. The scene opens upon the entrance of Aphrodite, out of breath, in her new mortality, and Eros. They are anxious and distressed, and but little comforted by Pallas, who, entering later, seeks to hearten them by a sight of the strange opal-like jewel of Pandora, which has been commended to her by the oracles as a charm against the woes of Olympus. Pallas herself is quite content and calm, for, as goddess of wisdom, she ponders on the vicissitude of things, and so is enabled to be herself even on a "beechwood peak in the cold sea." To them enters Zeus, perhaps the best conceived of all the dramatis personæ. The nerves of the Cloud-compeller are unstrung, and he is in a mood of garrulous irritability. After Zeus, the other gods appear upon the scene one by one, quite to the end of the pageant.

The action of the piece from this point is too fantastical and various to be retold. The special ironic manner which Mr. Gosse has adopted is nowhere seen to better advantage than in the conversation between Phœbus and Pan. Phœbus is the poet and idealist of the party on the island, and, for the most part, talks verse; but, in his interview with Pan, a very materialistically minded person, he talks good prose. The conversation is concluded by Phœbus, who is made to remark pregnantly: "I congratulate you, Pan, upon your temperament, and I recommend to you a further pursuit of the attainable." Another notable episode is that in which Zeus is made to pose as a fatuous patron and critic of modern poetry, and the current vein of poetic "symbolism" delightfully derided.

The nodus of the fantasy, in so far as it exhibits such a thing, consists in the slow reconcilement of the deities to their mortal condition. This end is furthered by the subtle influence of Pandora's opal-like jewel, which creates in them a mood of "wistful cheerfulness." But the chief agency is the philosophical admonitions of Æsculapius, who points out that mortality is really the root of true pleasure, that without the chance of satiety there can be no satisfaction, that the art of right living is "to keep the supports and alleviations of your labor about you as skilfully as you can, and, in the fuss and business of the little episodes of climbing, to forget as long and as fully as may be the final and absolutely unavoidable plunge." So successful is Æsculapius that at last even Nike cries out: "Ah! I see, I think I partly see. The element of real victory was absent where no defeat could be. . . . And it may be present even where no final conquest can ensue."

So far Mr. Gosse differs from most others who have handled the theme, in making his fantasy tend toward optimism. But at the very last he goes back to the tradition, and so enforces his irony. Suddenly Iris ap-

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pears with miraculous ships to convey the gods and goddesses back to their earlier home and their immortality. They forget their newly acquired philosophy, and, with Olympian jubilation, prepare to embark. Just as they go off, it is discovered that Hermes has given away, to a mortal maid, the opal-like jewel, the begetter of "wistful cheeriness." But Pallas assures them: "It is of no moment. It would be an inconspicuous ornament in that blaze of the heart's beauty to which the white ships are about to carry us."

It will be seen that, while the conception of the work is light and fantastical, it is not devoid of serious criticism of life. It contains, of course, nothing conclusive, but it will furnish reading stimulating as well as pleasant to one wth a taste for the peculiar *genre*.

Old-Time Gardens, Newly Set Forth. By Alice Morse Earle. A Book of the Sweet o' the Year. Pp. xviii, 489. 204 illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

What a pleasant surprise to some people must be this book about 'Old-Time Gardens.' Many had expected to find in it a superabundance of sentiment falling into sentimentality. Some had looked for a book made, as it were, to order and with an evident effort; some for little real knowledge and the lack of it none too well concealed. A half hour's reading is enough to convince the most skeptical that it has none of these failings. Sentiment it has, to be sure, but this is kept well within bounds, as if there were somewhere in the author's mind a sense of humor sure to give warning before the brink of sentimentality was reached. Knowledge there is, and of a very real kind—knowledge that has been many years agrowing, consciously and unconsciously. And as for the book's being made to order, it comes straight from the heart, and from a kindly heart at that. Mrs. Earle had the good fortune as a child to pass her summers in an old-time garden. There she laid in great store of knowledge of the ways of children among flowers, a store that she is now able to draw upon at will and in most delightful fashion, so that one of her best chapters is about childhood in a garden. Her forebears, too, for generations, seem to have been garden-lovers, so that her sympathy with growing things may well be an inherited trait. Her love of gardens and the interest in colonial life and manners which her earlier books have manifested, are in this one most fortunately joined, so that she has here given us a fund of information about the old-time American garden and the things that grew in it, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere.

The real colonial garden that has been well maintained, and has come down to us without change from the days before the Revolution, is a hard thing to find. A few exist, but for the most part our old gardens, notably those of the South, have been permitted to fall into decay and have lost their former charm of primness. Others have been so changed by "landscape artists," ignorant of the laws that governed their planning and out of sympathy with their well-ordered reticence, that their original form may hardly be discovered. Of such as are left in a condition reminiscent of their best time, Mrs. Earle has succeeded in finding the best. Photographs and descriptions of them she gives us; but the thing that lent them their distinctive character—their plan—is missing. Sketches of such plans, even though small and rough, would have made all clearer than many words. Here and there, however, the plan is so clearly defined by neatly trimmed box-edging that the photograph serves in place of a plan.

But it is not on the side of garden design that Mrs. Earle shows her strength and knowledge. They appear when she speaks of flowers. With them she is at home, and about them she discourses in a pleasant way that puts the reader on good terms with himself. With flowers old and new the book is chiefly concerned, and some of its most entertaining parts deal with the introduction of our garden favorites into this country. What flowers the Dutch brought with them, what the Swedes, and what the Pilgrim Fathers—such things are curiously sought out from ancient sources and here set down with minuteness and fidelity. To convey an idea of the exact scope of the book is not easy, but some notion of its varied contents may be had from the fact that its twenty-two chapters cover subjects as widely separated as front door-yards, the gardens of the poets, sun-dials, and the herb garden.

Country Life and *House and Garden* have set such a high standard in the reproduction of garden photographs that it is much to be regretted that the publishers have not treated the book as well as it deserved in this particular. The photographs, assembled, doubtless, with great care and difficulty, have been turned into half-tones of doubtful quality, and printed in a fashion that would do no credit to a first-class newspaper. With few exceptions they are gray and often vague or lacking in detail—not in the purposeful way in which the skilful photographer gives vagueness, but in the way that carelessness in the press-room and unsuitability in the paper give it.

The Welsh Wars of Edward I.: A Contribution to Mediæval Military History, Based on Original Documents. By John E. Morris, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1901.

The Welsh campaigns of Edward I. are described by Mr. Morris in great fulness of detail, but also in such a manner as gives them general significance for the mediævalist. In other words, this book is more than a narrative of fighting in the Welsh marches; it is an essay on certain important aspects of warfare during the Middle Ages. Furthermore, it is closely related to the Constitutional history of England. The time was one when the paid soldier was taking the place of the simple feudatory, and when the money which military operations demanded under this new condition could be secured only by a confirmation of the charters. Moreover, the sovereign was the "greatest of the Plantagenets," the chief Constitutional king of that wonderful age, the thirteenth century. Considering space alone, Mr. Morris keeps the local or topographical element prominent, but he does so merely for the sake of thoroughness, that he may by precise demonstration establish certain views concerning military operations and the interlacing of Constitutional development with the development of war.

In different ways this exhaustive study recalls the writings of Round, Clark, and Oman, beside the best of which it is entitled by its quality to stand. For its data it relies largely upon the Exchequer accounts now preserved in the Record Office, although it draws much from the pipe, the patent, and the close rolls. Compared with the definite statements of such sources, the accounts given by even the best of the chroniclers like Hemingburgh, Trivet, and Wykes of Osney seem vague and misleading, but occasionally they yield a valuable passage, as, for instance, the description by Trivet of Warwick's victory over the Welsh near Conway in 1295. Mr. Morris has taken infinite pains with his preparation, and his results are so clearly stated that none of his labor seems wasted.

The groundwork is furnished in large part by a statistical analysis of the Edwardian army. Every one knows how misleading mediæval statements are regarding numbers, when once the modest limit of three figures is passed. Unfortunately, it is not possible to discover, however diligent research may be, what the forces actually were in every case, or how they were equipped, or in what order they fought, but the pay-rolls furnish accurate figures, so far as they go, and much may be gleaned from material contained in the 'Parliamentary Writs.' Thus a basis of inference is established, and important conclusions, both negative and positive, may be drawn. One of them is that the normal strength of an Edwardian force towards the close of the reign is about 2,000 horse and 10,000 foot; another, that "the legend of the 40,000 horse and 60,000 foot of Bannockburn is the merest poetic figment."

Mr. Morris is particularly interested in the history of the long-bow. How had the English archers been trained who riddled and turned the ranks of the French chivalry at Crécy and Poitiers? The usual answer to such a question points in the direction of the Scottish wars, and fixes chiefly upon the battle of Falkirk. Mr. Morris carries the evolution back one stage and connects it with the Welsh wars. "It is clear that the earliest foot, partly spearmen, partly bow-armed, were drawn alike from the Welsh 'friendlies' of marcher lordships and from the border counties between Lancashire and Gloucestershire, while the men of nearly all the other English counties had yet to be trained in the Scottish wars." Another matter which Mr. Morris keeps well in view is the intermingling of bowmen with cavalry and the gradual emergence of an infantry force. Edward's systematic methods also anticipated the transformation of war from the feudal to the modern type.

These campaigns must, perforce, be regarded from the English standpoint, because little information concerning the equipment and projects of the Welsh can be secured. "We know hardly anything of Llewelyn's men. Their tactics were of the guerrilla type. They avoided pitched battles, sought cover in the forests and mountains, and loved to pounce upon convoys. They were very active and difficult to reach. Their chief weapon was a long spear, and one doubts if the Welsh of the north ever practised archery." They fought stubbornly, but, after they were once beat-

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en, the marches became an excellent recruiting ground for the English kings. The Welsh entered into the Hundred Years' War with the same eagerness which the Scottish clansmen showed in the Seven Years' War. Despite the later rising under Glyndwr, large numbers of men from the west side of the marches were serving against the French in the fourteenth century.

Apart from his account of the campaigns themselves, Mr. Morris discusses the relations of England and Wales during the Norman period, the organization of the Edwardian army, the custom of the march, and events leading from the Welsh wars. Altogether, this is a work of solid scholarship and lasting value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Grant. County and Town in England. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Amherst, Lord, of Hackney, and Thomson, Basil. The Discovery of the Solomon Islands by Alvaro de Mendaña in 1568. 2 vols. London: The Hakluyt Society.
Baker, M. N. Municipal Engineering and Sanitation. (The Citizen's Library.) Macmillan. $1.25.
Ball, W. E. St. Paul and the Roman Law: Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Barnum, Francis. Grammatical Fundamentals of the Inuit Language. Boston: Ginn & Co. $5.
Barton, G. A. A Sketch of Semitic Origins, Social and Religious. Macmillan. $3.
Bell, Mrs. Arthur. Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and Other Early Saints. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
Bolton, Gambier. The Animals of the Bible. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. 75 cents.
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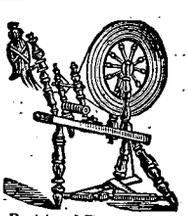
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